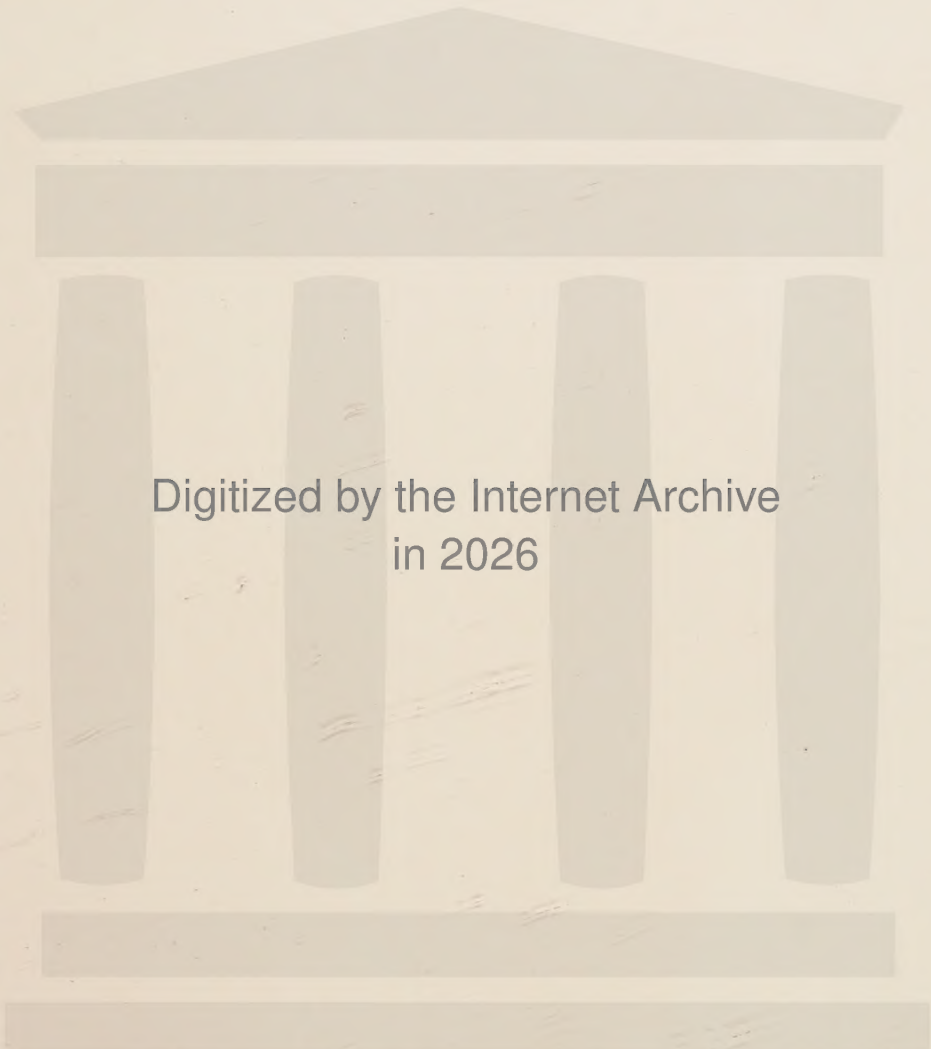
I hate the beach

I hate you



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CHONG-SIN & Co

Bridge over the Pearl River at Canton

The New America

AND

The Far East

By G. WALDO BROWNE AND NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

A General Introduction *by* EDWARD S. ELLIS

And Special Introductions as follows

Hawaii

By the Honorable HENRY CABOT LODGE

The Philippines

By Major-General JOSEPH WHEELER

Japan

By His Excellency KOGORO TAKAHIRA

China

By the Honorable JOHN D. LONG

Cuba

By General LEONARD WOOD

Porto Rico

By the Honorable CHARLES H. ALLEN

Alaska

By the Honorable WALTER E. CLARKE

India

By Professor ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VIKINGS OF THE FAR EAST.

THESE legends of the early gods of Dai Nippon form a mythology wilder and more poetical than the descent of Ishtor as seen in the weird, supernatural visions of the Assyrians, and as grand and daring as the sublime entrance of Odin into the realms of Northland. The study of the traditions of these heavenly deities and their descendants is necessary to those who desire a better knowledge of the underlying motives of the Japanese decorator, who enlivens his art with living figures. It is also one of the richest fields of romance to be found in the ranges of imagination, and cannot fail to afford the antiquarian and seeker after legendary lore the highest reward.

Admitting that the Japanese have as sacred rights to their claim of a descent from the gods, as the many other races of men who have held to a divine origin, their traditions do not deny that these "heavenly comers" found at least one race of human beings already occupying the country they eventually possessed.

These early inhabitants, who, the antiquarian claims, were themselves usurpers, were the ancestors of the peculiar race already described as living on the island of Hokkaido, and known as the Ainu. The position of the islands of Japan in their close proximity to the mainland of Asia, the cradle of the races, would not only indicate, but seems to prove, that this race came from that country. If they had come hither across the narrow waterway, is it improbable to say that others came before and after them? In point of fact, the traditions of Ainu declare that an anterior tribe of pit-dwellers lived on the islands. Descendants of these are still to be found among the inhabitants of the Kuriles and Kamchatka. The Ainu were themselves of a Hyperborean race, emigrating from the cold regions of northeastern Asia to the more genial clime of Dai Nippon. They evidently drove out their predecessors, who were not numerous, on a triumphal march southward, as they in turn were headed northward

in later generations, and made to retreat over the same ground their ancestors had first taken. The Ainu were originally cave-dwellers. To-day it does not seem that they left any stronger mark upon their conquerors than the North American Indians did upon their victors.

This does not show, as it might be supposed to, that the Japanese are a pure race. There is a marked distinction between the two classes of Japan, the patricians and the plebeians. The latter have a darker skin,

COLOSSAL PICTURE ROCKS, ISHIYAMA.

coarser features, straight eyes, a forehead denoting a lower intellect, and a more robust physique. There being this difference, it is evident that we are again shown two tides of immigration, the inferior once more leading the superior, and eventually becoming their subjects. The conquerors in this case, from whom are descended the aristocratic class of to-day, were of slight build, a complexion varying from almost white to yellow, eyes set obliquely to the nose, with heavy lids and high eyebrows, small mouth, oval face, and aquiline nose. The limbs were symmetrical and the hands shapely. This race dwelt in wooden houses, kept domestic animals, such

as the dog, fowl, and cattle, wove hempen cloth, elaborated their dress with various trimmings, wore ornaments of jewels, and protected their faces with veils. The women were good cooks, and had various dishes among their household utensils, while the men forged knives, swords, and spears out of iron, and fashioned bows with feather arrows. This race, then, with superior intellect and enlightenment, was the heavenly immigrant that tradition says came to Tokama-no-hara, which has been

RIVER BANK OF MUKOJIMA, TOKYO.

identified with the more modern Yamato. If this gives romance a tremendous shock, history receives a corresponding thrill of pleasure. Before passing on to a closer consideration of the coming of this people, it may be well to say that the Japanese themselves consider this ancient body of immigrants as distinct from the Chinese, having come from the interior of India through Manchuria, northeast China, and on to Japan. Whatever closer affinity the Japanese of to-day holds to the Mongolian may have been acquired by centuries of desultory intercourse.

Allowing that Japan possesses two types of inhabitants closely intermixed, the earlier immigrants seem to have drifted hither from the Malayan coast, and must have come in large numbers, and the Ainu at that time could not have numbered less than several millions. With these Malayans came also another stream of adventurers from the Corean peninsula by an easy route. The legends of Izumo show that these people played an important part in the ancient scenes of southern Japan. This brings us to the last and most important flood of immigration.

The *Kojiki*, or "Book of Old Traditions," reduced to writing at Nara in 712 A. D., and the chronicle, *Nihon-gi*, give us the first glimpses into the early history of Japan. However reliable these accounts may be, they go back to 663 B. C., thus covering 1,375 years. The Kojiki opens with an account of one Kan Yamato Iware, then a man of fifty, and the fifth in lineal descent from the Goddess of the Sun. This warrior, since styled Jimmu Tennô, "spirit of war," set forth from the east coast of the island of Kyushu, on a voyage of conquest, and, after a stormy passage, reached the Bay of Osaka. Here he was met by the Malayan hosts, but, after driving them back, succeeded in establishing himself at a place which he named Yamato, which was a part of his own name. He was accompanied by two brothers, having left a third at home.

When the maze of tradition, from which this account is taken, is considered, it can hold but slight claim to fact. But upon two points all ethnologists agree: that there was an invasion of this kind at some time, and that the invaders were Mongolians. Thus, having no proof to the contrary, it may be well enough to consider that in the sixth century, before our era, Jimmu Tennô, in the province of Yamato, founded the imperial dynasty of Japan. He and his followers evidently worshipped the sun as their god. They were the vikings of the Far East, who had boldly set forth to conquer and rule. In his long career of warfare, Jimmu lost his brothers, two by sword and one by noble self-sacrifice, the two highest forms of death, according to Japanese belief. He himself was the very model of daring and skill in war, hence his immortal name, "the man of divine bravery."

The chronicles are filled with scenes of battle. It seems apparent that after a few struggles, in which the followers of Jimmu were successful, he and his warriors formed a sort of alliance with the Malayan inhabitants

to overcome the Ainu or Yezo race, who hovered close upon their northern boundary.[1] The ancient chroniclers speak of no attempt to seek terms of peace with the aborigines, but from the outset it was a matter of extermination by the stronger party. Many and desperate encounters are depicted in vivid language. The weapons used by the Ainu were spears, bows and arrows, and a sort of sling which threw a deadly missile. Jimmu's warriors wielded iron swords, bamboo spears, whose points were tipped with iron

GENTLEMAN'S VILLA, BANCHO.

or copper, and bows and arrows, the latter having points of iron or stone. On many a hard-fought field the ground was strewn deep with the bodies of the slain, while slowly, foot by foot, the stubborn Ainu were driven toward the north, until at last, near the close of the eighth century, the main island was cleared of them.

[1] Tradition goes on to say that Jimmu and his warriors really suffered defeat in their first battles, and, upon holding a council to ascertain the cause, they decided that they had offended the gods by waging their warfare from west to east, a course contrary to the journey of the sun. Thereupon, they made a circuitous voyage to the south, to land at Arasaka. Marching now in a westward direction, as belonged to worshippers of the sun, they were everywhere victorious, until Jimmu and his followers entered the fair land of Yamato and established themselves there.

It is maintained that, during the latter part of this long period of warfare, the national anthem of Japan was composed, and sung by the armies of many different leaders as the soldiers rushed into battle. The following is the Japanese composition:

"Kimi ga Yo wa
Chi yo ni, Ya chi yo ni,
Sazare ishi no
Iwa wa to narite,
Koke no musu made."

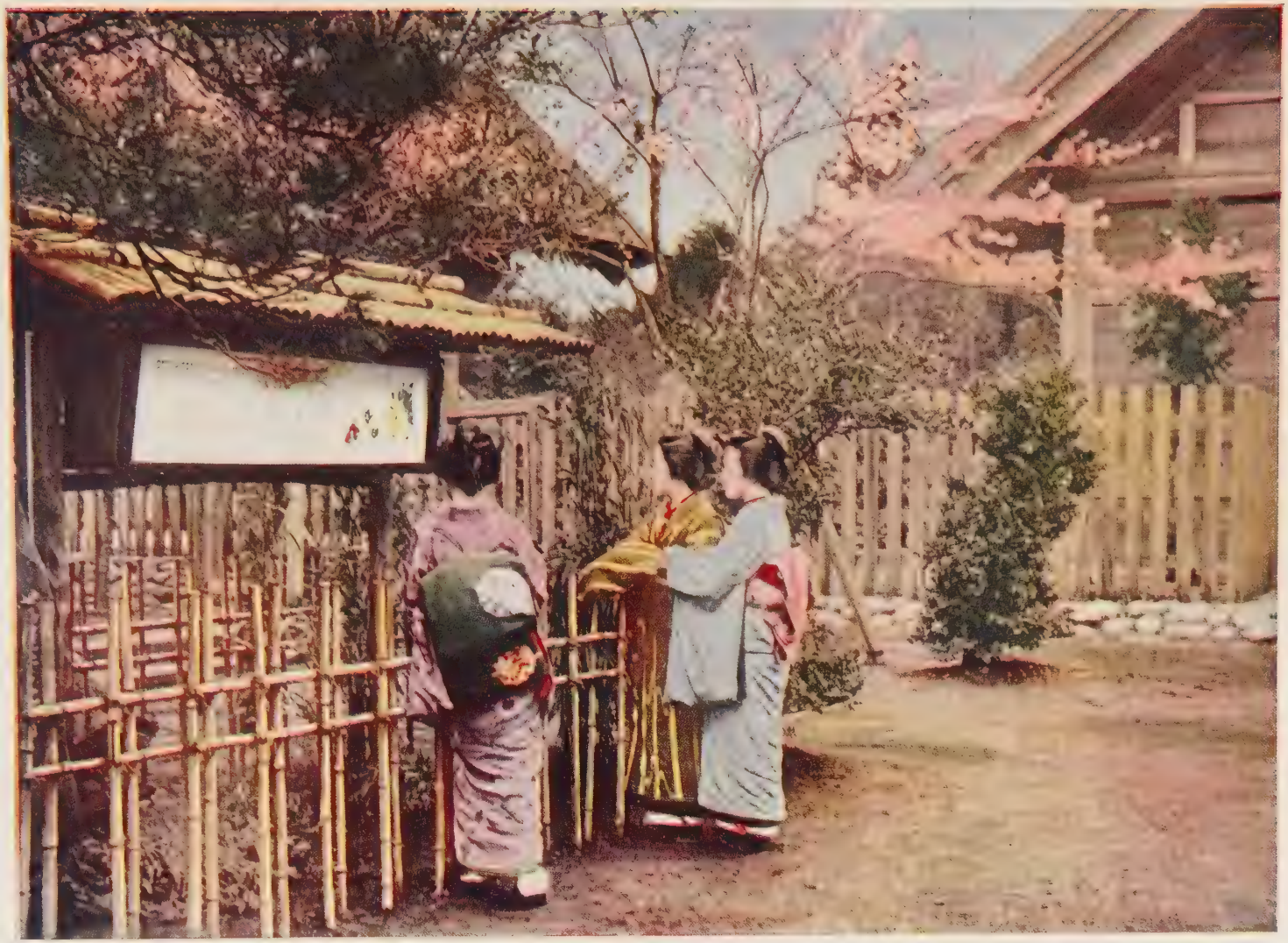
Sir Edwin Arnold has given us the following excellent translation:

"May our Lord's dominion last
Till a thousand years have passed,
Twice four thousand times o'ertold!
Firm as changeless rock, earth-rooted,
Moss of ages uncomputed
Grow upon it, green and old!"

This is necessarily a somewhat free translation, for, as simple as the poetry of Japan appears, having no rhyme and no attempt at measure, it is really difficult, it might be said impossible, to catch the original spirit in any other language.

In those early days of conquest, the women of the followers of Jimmu proved themselves worthy of the companionship of warriors. The code of honour among the samurai class, which caused every woman to carry under her girdle a short dagger, which she was ready to plunge into her heart, if she were not able to reach that of her betrayer, rather than bear the ignominy of dishonour, was no more rigid in the days of feudalism than it was in the viking age of Japan. Cases are frequent in both periods where wives and mothers have killed themselves that their husbands or sons might be free to go to war. It is related of olden times that an archer failed to get the proper force to the flight of his arrow on account of his inability to hold back the shaft long enough to obtain the full power of the bow. Seeing his weakness, his young wife, holding in her arms their beloved baby, stepped in front of the husband, and made him try over and again to pull back the arrow, until it was proper to let it fly. Nerved by the terrible consequence of death to those he loved

A Cottage Garden, Kamakula



death by his own hand if he should fail, the man finally overcame his weakness, to become a famous archer.

In those days woman's opportunity was greater to become distinguished, especially in war, than it was in the period of more recent civilisation, when she was forced to seclude herself from the public gaze. To woman belongs the glory of the first conquest of Japan and the initial introduction of Asiatic arts, religion, and enlightenment.

Near the close of the second century a rebellion broke out in Kyushu,

YENOSHIMA.

the native land of Jimmu, and the reigning emperor of the island empire collected his warriors and set forth to put down the insurrection. As usual, the Empress Jingu accompanied her husband, and stopping at an island in the Inland Sea to offer her worship at one of the shrines, she was advised by one of the gods to counsel her husband to abandon this expedition to Kyushu, which could not result in any great profit, as the region in revolt was poor, and to undertake a campaign against a more distant country of vast wealth, where a bloodless victory would be assured him. She believed this, but she could not make him over to her views. He did consent, however, to ascend the highest mountain in those parts to look

for the promised land, saying upon his return, "I see no land beyond the water. Unless there is a country in the sky, you have deceived me. My ancestors worshipped all the gods, pray from whom did you get this information?"

So the emperor continued his expedition, and lost his life without quelling the rebellion. Then the dauntless Jingu rallied the shattered army, to be successful in routing the rebels. After this victory, confident the gods were to favour her, she prepared to carry out the plan of conquest in

HAKONE.

distant seas. She called about her the ablest war-chiefs of Japan, and disclosed her ambitious scheme, saying in conclusion, "I leave all the details to you. I am only a young woman, and, for fear the soldiers distrust the wisdom of an undertaking led by a woman, I shall disguise myself as a man. If we remain here in idleness, the safety and prosperity of our country must suffer. If we make this venture successfully, the treasures of a rich kingdom will be ours. It depends very much upon you for success, and the glory will all be yours if we succeed. I will be responsible for all the infamy that may arise from a possible defeat."

The veterans of many hard-fought battles listened with favour to what

she said, but it was not until after long and vexatious delays that Empress Jingu's army was ready to set forth on the hazardous enterprise, in 201 A. D.

It must be remembered that these vikings of the Far East had no certain knowledge of their destination, and from the various scouts who had been sent out nothing had been learned of land beyond the seas, so that only their Amazonian leader really believed that a country lay to the westward. Neither did these bold navigators have chart or compass to guide them on their course. The birds must be their pilots and the heavens their chart. But the gods seemed not to have forsaken the brave woman at their head, in male disguise, for the shore of southern Corea was reached without mishap. The king of this country looked upon the gorgeous fleet of the invaders with dismay, exclaiming, "Our gods have betrayed us! They have never told us of a country beyond ours where such ships could come from."

Under the impulse of fear the Coreans displayed white flags and surrendered without offering any resistance. The wealth of the country was laid at the feet of the conquerors, and the king swore that so long as the stars shone and water ran down-hill Corea should be faithful to Japan. Empress Jingu gave token of peace by placing beside the gates implements of war, and accompanied by eighty ships laden with gold, silver, silks, and valuable goods of many kinds, set out with her fleet on her return from the proudest expedition Japan had ever known. The empress soon after bore a posthumous son, named Ojin, who became a noted warrior, and was deified as the God of War. He shared with his mother the glory of this Corean conquest. Since that illustrious day nine empresses have ruled Japan, and some of them with great wisdom; but not one has become as renowned as the Empress Jingu, with whose proud achievement originated the haughty boast of the Japanese, which lives yet, "The arms of Japan shine beyond the seas." Richer than the stores of nature which accrued from her conquest were the treasures of art, science, medicine, literature, philosophy, and religion that followed as the fairest heritage of this fair conqueror.

THE CHERRY BANK.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FIVE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.

ALL this took place under the creed of Shintoism, until, in the sixth century, Buddhism was introduced from Corea as one of the fruits of Empress Jingu's victory. Soon after this an affair occurred which has been given a prominent place in the annals of that time. It was nothing less than the assassination of a ruler, Emperor Susun, which arose from royal intrigues and internecine quarrels. This is claimed to be the only crime of its kind in the long history of Japanese wars and struggles. It resulted in placing a woman upon the throne, the Empress Suiko, who was the first female ruler, the Empress Jingu having never been at the head of the empire. The claim was made that the new religion had been the cause of the murderous affair, and that under the old religion it could never have occurred. A prince of the imperial family made the ingenious explanation that the deed of violence had been a visitation upon the deceased for some misdemeanour done by him while on earth under another form, so it was accepted as a fulfilment of Buddhist doctrine.

Through this questionable act that branch of the royal family known

(1) FUJIYAMA FROM ORNIYA VILLAGE.

as the *Soga* came into the ascendency, but its success caused its representatives to commit such indiscretions that during the reign of Empress Kokyoku (642–645 A. D.) it fell from power and never recovered its lost prestige.

The succeeding monarch was Kamatari, who traced his ancestry back to Jimmu, with as much certainty as did many others of royal aspirations. His valiant achievements won for him the title of "Fujiwara," which means "wistaria plain," chosen, no doubt, from the signification of the hardihood of this lusty flowering shrub. The family thus founded wielded the sceptre of Japan for five hundred years, and under its régime the country rose in power and enlightenment. It is claimed with ample proof that it is the most ancient and noble family in the world. About ninety-five per cent. of the nobility of the Japanese court of the present day claim descent from Kamatari, and fifty-five families bear the name of Fujiwara.

Under this line, in 702 A. D., the notable body of laws called the Taiho Code, from the era under which it was promulgated, was created, by which separate departments were organised for administering the executive, judicial, criminal, and civil laws. With the increase of royal aspirants for position, and other complications arising in the machinery of these departments, in 888, the functions of the offices were concentrated into one, under the title of kambaku, or regent, a term it will be well to bear in mind, as it played an important part in the succeeding history of the empire. The emperor consenting to this, his power was considerably curtailed by an edict declaring that henceforth every official act of the ruler must be passed upon by this regent. The power of the military class thus began its ascendency. It now possessed the control over life and death, reward and punishment, in times of peace as well as in war. Each province now had its military head, ostensibly to put down the bandits and marauding bands infesting the remote districts, while adding materially to the armed force of the empire.

Gradually the influence of the emperor, or mikado, as the sovereign had been called, became more and more nominal. The very title of his office, which meant the "sublime gate," lost favour and has never recovered it. To intrench themselves more firmly in their position, that branch of the Fujiwara element which had assumed so much of the ruling power, created

yet another office with the avowed purpose this time of placing the military forces under him. The title bestowed this time was that now well known, but foreign appearing, term of shogun, meaning, as has been said, generalissimo. Military service on the part of the large class of samurai, the non-civilians, or people outside of husbandmen, artisans, and traders, was made obligatory. Great estates now rapidly came into existence, obtained generally by their holders through meritorious military service

HAMA RIKIU GARDEN, LAKE VIEW.

or special grants to favourite ministers. The priests also came into possession of powerful landed interests.

In fact, it was a period of great activity of personal ambitions on all hands except that of the successive rulers. These were still further weakened by the establishment of the rule that the male heir of the imperial family should marry a daughter of the family, his choice being restricted to five branches. The Fujiwara who was grandfather to this wife was to be the regent. The Fujiwara regency soon entered upon the grandest part of its career.

The country at the beginning of the twelfth century was enjoying an era of peace and prosperity. The two great clans of war had effectually overcome all enemies, swept the Inland Sea of its piratical hordes, and driven farther north than ever before the savage Ainus, or "grass rebels," as they were called on account of their habit of crawling upon their would-be victims from beneath the tall, dense grass which covered the moors in summer-time. Taxes rested lightly on the people, and, whatever the faults of the ruling powers, they practised economy and ruled with equity.

UMBRELLA MAKERS.

In the midst of this triumphal march across the stage of imperial government appeared almost simultaneously two rival clans, or federations of families. One of these was known as Minamoto or *Genji;* the other, as Hei-ke-gen or *Taira*. Both claimed descent by the imperial line from ancestors born out of wedlock, a sort of cousins, as it were, to the Fujiwara. Their ancestors had been poor, glad to accept from generation to generation some official position which would support them. The most sought-after had been the governorships of provinces. The first clan was now comprised of four families, while the second numbered as many as fourteen. From their very situations these two factions had been really

the holders of military power, which had grown with their ascension. The vast power of the military chiefs so largely in their hands, and the riches of great estates coming to them, the rise of these two powerful clans ended in a war which lasted for five hundred years, — the longest period of warfare recorded on the pages of the world's history. It was a civil war of terrible ferocity and undying hatred, as such strifes generally prove. It is true there were now and then cessations in hostilities, but they were mere breathing spells in the long and sanguinary contest which deluged the ancient capital in blood, swelled the rivers of the empire with crimson floods, and "wrung tears from the stars."

It began as simply as many another protracted quarrel has commenced, with a dispute among the nobles as to who should succeed to the throne at Kyoto. It had been the scheme of the Fujiwara regents to allow no person at the head of the imperial line whom they could not control. For this reason youthful persons held the nominal powers, one after another, until, grown to stronger, if not wiser stature, they were either asked to abdicate or were removed by means sometimes less frank and not above question. In 1159 two aspirants for the sovereignty appeared, one the brother of a ruler who had died under suspicious circumstances, and the other a mere youth in the direct line. The rival clans espoused different claimants, and so fierce and high did the dispute run between the nobles that finally they came to battle, — a hotly contested fight, which historians describe with vivid words, largely on account of the peculiar relationship of the contestants, as the opposing families did not present each a solid front. The rival princes were uncle and nephew, while two of the Taira clan favouring different sides stood in the same connection. A son and a father of the Genji forces fought on opposite lines; and thus it was all through the ranks.

The Taira clan was led by the redoubtable Kyomori, and he was victorious, placing Emperor Nijo upon the throne; and it looked as though the Minamoto army was crushed beyond hope of recovery. But if the order of imperial succession was settled by a few hours of bitter slaughter, it had made wounds that would never heal. A war followed that, under the softening influences of centuries, affords proud pictures of chivalrous deeds, great personal heroism, remarkable military prowess, cruel injustice, questionable cunning, treachery, patriotism, and other qualities, good and

DANCERS IN SHINTO TEMPLE AT NARA.

evil, which accompany the hosts of war. The evil is largely forgotten in the memory of the list of warriors and statesmen that glorify the historic pages of that long and memorable era. Among the foremost stand forth conspicuously Kiyomori, Yoritomo, Yoshitsune, Yasutoki, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu. The greatest general was Yoshitsune; the most

SCENERY IN THE HILL GARDEN, HONJO.

famous of them is Iyeyasu; the most remarkable, Hideyoshi, called the *Taiko*.

There are abundant sources from which the historian of that period of civil wars may draw his material, the most satisfactory being those of the *Heike Monogatari*, or "Story of the Taira," and the *Hogen Monogatari*, or "Story of the Genji." The Taira continued to practise the scheme of keeping an incompetent person on the throne, or at least one whom they could control. Thus the Emperor Shirakawa, ascending the throne at twenty-one, was thought to be growing too strong to rule longer at thirty-five, and was asked to abdicate in favour of his son, Horikawa, only nine; the latter was forced to yield in early life to Toba, who ac-

cepted nominal rule at six; when sixteen he was succeeded by Shyutoki, aged four, who got out of the way at twenty-four for Konoye, only four; he in turn, finding in his seventeenth year that he could not live, selected as his successor an elder brother, named Go-Shirakawa, who was both old and wise enough to threaten to become a thorn in the side of the Fujiwara. The Taira in espousing his cause accepted a dangerous trust, but were careful to send him to a monastery inside of three years, when he was followed by another succession of infant emperors: Nijo, eighteen at his

SCREEN PAINTING.

accession, twenty-four at his death; Rokujo, ascending the throne in form at twelve months, and deposed at four years; followed by Takakura, a boy of seven, who abdicated upon the day he became a man; Antoku, a child of three, who was to end this sort of misrule upon the defeat of the Taira usurpation.

The Minamoto or Genji clan, at the time of its defeat at the hands of the Taira under Kiyomori, was led by Yoshitomo, who was put to death by his conqueror. Among the followers of this unfortunate noble was his son, a boy of twelve, and one of the bravest of his adherents. His name was Yoritomo, and in the battle he became separated from his father and

brothers, to wander alone through the city after the downfall of his clan. Meeting a friendly fisherman, the latter disguised him as a girl, and he succeeded in reaching the house of another friend, where he was urged to remain. But learning here of his father's unhappy fate, in spite of the entreaties of his companions Yoritomo resolved to try and escape into the eastern province, where he hoped to be able to raise an army strong enough to avenge the death of his parent. Accordingly, leaving his sword with these people, it being likely to hinder him in his flight, the undaunted boy set forth on his perilous journey.

Before he had left the city he was seen by a follower of the Taira, and being recognised was taken as a prisoner. Exulting over the capture of one who had shown such courage on the battle-field, his enemies condemned him to die. But the noble who had effected his arrest seemed to have repented of the act, and thinking of his own boy about the age of the captive, he asked him if he wished to live. Yoritomo replied, cautiously, "If I live there will be some one who can pray for the souls of my father and brother; if I die there will be none." This led the lord to think that he intended to enter a monastery, and he decided to try and save him. This was accomplished through a stepmother of Kiyomori, who was made to think that he resembled a son she had lost in his early youth. No sooner had it become known that Kiyomori had suffered Yoritomo to go free, than it was whispered abroad that he might as well have turned loose a tiger. As over twenty years slipped by without any foreboding of retaliation on the part of the son of Yoshitomo, the people ceased to think of him as an enemy to the Taira. But the dying words of the conqueror would show that he had not forgotten him, if his subjects had:

"Now that I must leave this life and power which I have wielded long and widely, I have one regret which makes dying bitter. It is the thought that I must die without seeing the head of Yoritomo, of the Minamoto. Say no prayers for me when I am dead until you have hung before my tomb the head of Yoritomo."

Meanwhile, Yoritomo had become a man of thirty-five, quiet, retiring in his disposition, strong and hardy of physique. He had not shaved his head and become a monk as had been expected, but he had lived with one of the chiefs of the province of Idzu. As the years had rolled past, one after another of his father's retainers had died or gone over to the assist-

ance of the rival powers, so it seemed that whatever ambition he may once have had of recovering his heritage was slipping away. But a woman and a dream were destined greatly to influence his future.

Believing that it was time for him to get married, Yoritomo decided to try and get one of the daughters of his master. An unfortunate love-affair earlier in life had given him reason to move with extreme caution in this. This escapade had caused this lord with whom he was making his

ARTIFICIAL CASCADE IN A LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

home to keep his daughters — he had two — secluded from him, which made his undertaking more difficult. He had heard that the older was very beautiful, while the younger, who was only her half-sister, was quite plain. But this did not deter him from trying to win her, and he hoped to do this largely through the influence of her mother. So he despatched a love-note to her by his servant, who proved to be more ambitious than faithful. Surprised that his master should seek to win one so plain, he changed the address to that of her sister, Masako, who was noted for her beauty and wisdom.

In the meantime, another element than deception had entered into the combination of circumstances, for the previous night the younger sister had dreamed of a pigeon flying toward her with a golden basket on her beak. Upon being told this dream, her older sister offered to buy it. The other was willing, saying she would accept in exchange a mirror the latter owned. "The dream," she thought, "is no doubt a delusion, but the mirror is beautiful and real. I have longed for it, so take my dream with all it may bring thee." How much this had to do with the forgery of the love-message cannot be told, but Masako was made happy by it, and, having no mother in whom to confide, she kept her secret from all but Yoritomo for some time.

VILLAGE STREET.

While the lovers were plighting their troth, Masako's father was in Kyoto, and upon his return he announced that he had promised her hand to the Governor of Idzu. If this complication seemed to offer serious interference with the plans of Yoritomo and Masako, she soon suggested a scheme by which the word of her father might not be broken, while she could keep her faith with her lover. She consented to marry the governor, but within an hour she was flying from the scene with Yoritomo, whom she wed that night. This course satis-

fied her father, and later he became a stanch supporter of his son-in-law.

Masako proved both wise and ambitious, and no sooner was she the wife of Yoritomo than she began to urge him to attempt to regain his rightful possession, and with her father did much toward helping him raise an army of followers. Prince Moshihito, the second son of Go-Shirakawa, who was still living in banishment, took up the cause of the Genji or Minamoto clan, sending a message to Yoritomo to lead an expedition

VIEW ON SUMIDA RIVER.

against the Taira force. But so few answered the united appeals of the bold rebels, that in a short battle Yoritomo was defeated and obliged to seek shelter in the fastness of the Hakone Mountains. Pursued by his enemies, he was driven to seek concealment in a hollow tree, when his life was saved by a bird. Just as the Taira forces reached the place, a wood-pigeon flew out of the opening into which Yoritomo had crawled a moment before. Judging that no human being would be in the hollow just deserted by the bird, the searchers passed on in a fruitless endeavour to find their enemy.

Undaunted by his misfortunes at the outset, Yoritomo went on calmly

collecting recruits until he had a respectable army, when he intrenched himself at Kamakura. At this time a half-brother, Yoshitsune, nicknamed "the young ox" on account of his great strength, rallied to the assistance of Yoritomo, and while the latter fortified himself at the future capital of the Genji clan, he marched boldly against the imperial army. This he met on a marsh a little south of Kyoto, and speedily put to rout the hosts of Taira. Following up his success here, he kept on toward Kobé, leading his forces against the enemy so furiously at Fukuwara that he was again victorious. The commander of the Taira now sought safety by flight, hoping to reach Kyushu by sea. Again Yoshitsune showed his promptness and swiftness of action, and collecting a fleet of ships gave pursuit. He overtook the Tairan army in the Straits of Shimonoseki, where one of the most noted naval battles in the history of Japan occurred. Victory seemed to be permanently perched on the banner of the indomitable Yoshitsune, who annihilated the fleet of the Taira, the few survivors of the once powerful clan seeking safety in the mountains of Kyushu. A significant incident of this overthrow of the Taira power at Dan-no-ura was the voluntary seeking of death in the sea by drowning of the widow of Kiyamori, who, with the last of the boy emperors, Antoku, her grandchild, in her arms, sprang overboard rather than to fall into the hands of their vanquishers. To this day the descendants of that ill-fated clan listen with melancholy interest to the Homers of that far land singing with peculiar pathos the rhythmic prose of "Heike Monogatari," the last of the Tairas.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CONQUEROR OF A CONTINENT.

NATURALLY this warlike era, whose chief merit was the making of soldiers, abounds with tales of personal heroism and individual sacrifice of life. Nor are these confined by any means to leaders with their all at stake, but are distributed with a liberal hand among the rank and file. One of the first class that has outlived the stormy period is the story of the Genjian noble, the Regulus of Japan. Yoshitsune had concentrated his army before Fukuwara, and was waiting for the favourable opportunity when he should hazard an attack. During this brief delay a noble from among his force was sent into the enemy's camp to ascertain their real strength and their most vulnerable point.

The noble who had been chosen for this difficult and dangerous undertaking immediately prepared to carry out the order of his commander. But, while he acted with extreme caution, his disguise was penetrated by one of the sharp-eyed Tairans who had met him, and he was captured and held as a spy. This occurred at the very time when the besieged army was trying to make a defence until succour could be sent to its assistance. Rikiya, the captured spy, saw and understood the critical situation of the city, and longed for the opportunity to communicate the news to Yoshitsune.

Exulting over their capture, the Tairan forces thought to profit by it to their utmost, and with this purpose in mind, offered the spy his life if he would divulge the actual strength of Yoshitsune's army and his intentions. The Spartan hero showed no truer spirit of fidelity to his countrymen than this Regulus of Japan, who haughtily refused to say a word. The most cruel of tortures were then applied to him, in the hope that he might weaken. But no pain they could inflict upon him caused him to flinch. In the midst of his sufferings he decided upon a plan which he believed would enable him to accomplish the desire of his heart. So he feigned to yield, and acknowledged to his tormentors that if they

PUBLIC BATH.

would take him to the bank of the moat, where he might gaze for a last time upon his friends and relatives, he would give them information which would be the great surprise of their lives.

Eager to improve any advantage, the Tairan commander agreed to the terms, and Rikiya was taken at once to the desired spot. Once there, he beheld not only friends and companions-in-arms, but his dearly beloved wife and children. Equal to even this ordeal, he shouted to them the

MOOR AND LAKE VIEW, FUKIAGE GARDEN.

exact situation in the camp of the enemy, their weakness and fears, and then turned with calm resignation to meet the vengeance of his maddened captors. He met his fate with a smile on his lips, satisfied in the consciousness of having done his leader the highest favour in his power. Yoshitsune immediately attacked the city, and though he won a proud victory he was too late to save the hero of the day. And this is but a specimen of the many tales of heroism in the times when man's most exalted trade was war.

With Yoshitsune's victory at Dan-no-ura over the Taira, in 1185, the

supremacy of Yoritomo was assured, but now follows the cloud that has ever darkened the brightness of his fame as a ruler and a general of armies. He had established himself at Kamakura as his capital, and upon receiving the news of his brother's victories, which had been greater than he had dared to hope, acting no doubt upon the advice of unwise counsellors, he prepared to avoid meeting him, instead of welcoming him with the honour so valiant a warrior deserved. Upon reaching the great gate at

SAMBUTSUDO, NIKKO.

the temple in the village of Koshigoye, Yoshitsune was told to halt, and there deliver over the trophies he had won to a person who had been delegated to bear them to Yoritomo. Finding now that his fair name had been tarnished with an evil report of personal ambitions which had never existed, he wrote his brother begging him not to be blinded with prejudice against him. This letter, full of tender and brotherly love, is still in existence, and is taught as a model among the schools of Japan. After waiting several days in vain for a reply, the conqueror went to Kyoto, bereft of his command and his every step dogged by spies. From

the imperial city he went to his old haunts at Mutsu, and from that time we have three conflicting accounts of the fate of this heroic man. One of these is that he was followed into his seclusion by the spies of his brother, and finding himself unable to escape the toils of his jealous oppressor, after first killing his wife and children, he committed hara-kiri, and his head, preserved in saké, was borne in triumph to Kamakura.

Another and more pleasant version declares that Yoshitsune escaped his enemies, and reached the island of Hokkaido, where he lived many years among the Ainus, loved and respected by them. When he died, a shrine was raised above his grave at Hitaka, and to this day his spirit is worshipped as a god by this people. Tradition, which has ever a fairer conception of justice than history, declares that Yoshitsune not only reached the island in safety, but that he crossed over to the mainland of Asia. There he proved his old-time valour by making himself famous the continent over as the renowned Mongol conqueror, Genghis Khan, eventually reaping a harvest of vengeance through his grandson, who invaded his homeland years later at the head of the powerful Tartar band which gave Japan so much trouble, as we shall soon describe. The evidence is very much in favour of this sequel, which is supported by the Chinese, who say that Genghis Khan was one Yoshitsune, who came from Dai Nippon.

Be that as it may, while Yoritomo has been declared the Napoleon of the Far East, the fame and good name of the man who really won his battles for him outshines his. The latter is preëminently the hero of youth. His picture is to be seen on the boys' kites; his effigy is one of the leading features at the annual festivals of the boys of the land; art, song, and story have combined to make his name immortal; while the aboriginal race of Japan join in worshipping him as a god.

If we passed over somewhat hastily the dazzling achievements of this ideal warrior of Japan, whose sturdy figure at this distant day towers above all others in that era of great soldiers, the career of Yoshitsune deserves more elaborate description. He was born in 1159, and, accepting the accredited claim that he was the conqueror of Asia and the founder of the line of Manchu rulers of China, he died in 1227, his entire life reading more like romance than a chapter of history. Yoshitomo had, besides Yoritomo, five legitimate sons, all of whom met tragic fates, while

Yoshitsune was the youngest of three sons born out of wedlock, whose mother, Tokiwa, was one of the fairest women of Japan. Her name is remembered now as a synonym for womanly devotion unto love and duty. She was holding this babe in her arms when the news reached her of the death of his father, and of the danger menacing her life and the lives of her children. Taking these with her, she fled at night-time through a blinding snow-storm to her girlhood home, Tokiwa Castle. There she was astounded to find that the castle was in the hands of the enemy, and her mother at that hour under sentence of death. Dazed by this terrible

VEGETABLE SHOP.

situation, she saved her mother by allowing her children to become her ransom. A short time after, she purchased their freedom with the offering of her beautiful person to the wishes of Kiyomori. Her memory is enshrined in the pathetic story of that stormy night's flight.

Yoshitsune was taken to a monastery at Kurama, where he stayed until he had tired of the litanies and *sutras*, when he ran away to become a follower of the sword. He had become a remarkable swordsman already, and at twenty-one offered his services to his half-brother, Yoritomo, whom he had never met. His youthfulness and inexperience made his campaign in the West, which resulted in the complete rout of the Tairan army, all

the more wonderful. It is justly considered the most brilliant series of victories ever won in Japan, and it is doubtful if the skill with which he met the enemy, and the rapidity with which he acted, especially in collecting vessels and pursuing the Tairan forces, finds its match in the history of the world at that day. With the praise of this prodigious feat ringing in their ears, it is little wonder his companions were awed by the presence of the conquering hero, or that Yoritomo suddenly grew to fear him.

Around his short, stoutly built figure cling many hero-tales of personal

A BASKET SELLER.

prowess, and the gundan, or war-tales, of that period give vivid records of his tragic fate, and the heroic defence made in his behalf by a handful of chosen followers; how his giant glaivesman, Benkei, next to him the best swordsman in the land, broke the handle of his glaive short, so he could best use it in close quarters, and fought irresistibly until he was entangled in ball-chains thrown about him by his enemies. Just beyond him lay the dead forms of Yoshitsune, his wife, and child.

This may have been so, and the head sent to Yoritomo have been that of the dead conqueror, but the evidence goes to show that Yoshitsune was already in Tartary, or on his way hither. He was then between thirty-

one and forty years of age, and at the exact time when Genghis Khan became noted on the banks of Amur River. Tenjin is supposed to have been the name he took. Of course there is little but tradition at this late day to fix the identity of the two great generals as one, but all of these favour the idea.[1] As a matter of history, the Genji clan of Japan always fought under a white banner, which was the ensign of the Mongol army. The mother of Genghis was said to have been found by her lover in the snow, a story bearing a close resemblance to the account of Tokiwa's flight through the snow-storm and darkness with Yoshitsune in her arms. There are many other lines of evidence which lend currency to the belief that the conqueror of the Taira clan became yet more famous as the conqueror of nearly all of Asia. But they need not be repeated here. Without or with them, the fame of Yoshitsune is safe in Japan.

[1] An annalist who has studied into this matter says: "It is difficult to conceive any pseudonym which Yoshitsune would have been more likely to choose than 'Tenjin.' Another suggestion is that he called himself Tengu-jin in allusion to the popular fancy that his remarkable skill in fence had been derived from the teaching of the King of the Tengu. Then the clan at the head of which 'Temujin' made his first conquest was the 'Nirongoun,' and the meaning of the word is said to have been 'children of the sun.' The little band of men that followed Yoshitsune from Oshiu and received an accession of strength in Yezo before crossing to the continent, were 'Nihon-jin' (Japanese), or men from the land of the rising sun. When 'Temujin' began to acquire dominant military power, he called himself 'Genghis-khan;' or, to speak more correctly, he assumed a name which tradition calls 'Genghis-khan.' Yoshitsune was a scion of the Minamoto. His family was 'Gen,' and the name of his clan, 'Genji,' or 'Genke.' 'Gen' is, in fact, the alternative pronunciation of 'Minamoto.' Moreover, 'Minamoto Yoshitsune' has for its alternative sound 'Gen Gekei.' Further, the 'Minamoto' signifies 'water-source;' the word 'Kian' or 'Khan' is traditionally alleged to have meant 'running water.' A Chinese historian says that Genghis Khan was 'Tuan Yi-king,' and writes the name with ideographs, which, according to the ordinary Japanese rendering, would be read, 'Minamoto Yoshitsune.' The wife of Genghis-khan had the title of 'Fudjin.' 'Fujin' is the term applied to a married lady in Japan. Two of the principal generals of Genghis, sent by him to invade Persia and southern Europe, were called, according to tradition, 'Subtai,' and 'Shuppi;' the two principal followers of Yoshitsune were Saito Benkei and Wash-no-o Saburo. Between 'Saito' and 'Subtai,' the resemblance is sufficiently evident, and 'Shuppi' is the alternative sound of 'Wash-no-o.' Genghis is said to have given the name 'Manchu' to the district over which he first acquired sway on the continent. 'Manchu' is the alternate pronunciation of 'Mitsunaka,' or Yoshitsune's princely ancestor. These are certainly remarkable coincidences, difficult to ascribe to mere accident. If they have any value as establishing the identity of Genghis and Yoshitsune, they also go to prove that the present Manchu rulers of China are of Japanese origin. A passage transcribed by a Japanese author from a Chinese encyclopedia at the end of the eighteenth century attributes to the great Chinese Emperor Chinlung (1736–1795), a statement which, read according to the Japanese sounds of the ideographs employed, is this: 'My family name is Gen. I am a descendant of Yoshitsune, whose ancestor was Siewa. Hence we call our dynasty *Sei*, and our family *Gen*.'"

GARDEN HILLS WITH ROUNDED BUSHES.

CHAPTER XXX.

PIPING TIMES OF THE REGENTS.

THE new capital Yoritomo set up at the little fishing-hamlet of Kamakura, to rival the imperial city, grew and spread so rapidly that it soon numbered a million inhabitants, and became the centre of a power which was known and felt in every part of the island. It was Yoritomo's aim to establish a family line which should rival the Fujiwara, and for that end he strengthened his position in every way possible. The royal rule at Kyoto became again shorn of its strength, and when he placed himself at the head of the shogunate, in 1192, he was supreme dictator of power both civil and military. He had his four departments of government; nobles ruling over provinces acknowledged fealty to him, while local officials were his vassals, and every landholder in the empire was called upon to contribute a bushel of grain for every acre in seed His rule came to a sudden end, after fifteen years of reign, by a fall from a horse. To-day his grave is pointed out under a grove of pine over

looking a scene of desolation, where only the ashes of his capital and the dust of the sand-plain remain to speak of his greatness. Even the pines have taken on the decay of time, and are falling branch by branch before winds that sweep the sand-dunes with no mercy for memory of the past.

It required a strong hand to take up the reins laid down by this man of iron will and boundless ambition. His wife, whom he married under such romantic circumstances, was no ordinary woman, and while she had aided him materially in his advance in seizing the sceptre of power, and had

THE NUNOBIKI FALL.

given him two sons to afford the solace for his dreams of perpetual sovereignty, in the end his marriage brought about the ruin of his hopes. These sons, neither of whom gave the promise of his father's wisdom or strength, succeeded in turn to the rule at Kamakura, and in turn were deprived of their power by an assassin. We now see illustrated a peculiar trait of Japanese character. The mother was willing to sacrifice the prospects of her children for that of her father, who was still living. No Japanese father would have done this, for, whatever reverse or change of fortune might occur, the father remained faithful to his child. Not so always the mother. Masako had no scruples in allowing the sacrifice of

(1) THE CHERRY BANK AT KOGANEI.

her son, and seemed indifferent to his fate, while her father, Hojo Tokimasa, became the head of the affairs of state. Then was repeated here, in another line of power, what had been done at Kyoto by the Fujiwara regents. Having driven the eldest son of Yoritomo, who had succeeded his father as shogun, to a course of living which had made of him a physical wreck, he was asked to abdicate and appoint his infant son as shogun. In this way was begun the "shadow shogunate," while this astute founder of the Hojo family caused to be created a power over this, the *shikken*, or "holders of power," in other words, "the regents of the shoguns."

The offices of the government were rapidly filled with members of his own line, or partisans friendly to him, without regard to the representatives of the Minamoto clan. Yoriiye, the oldest son of Yoritomo, was finally compelled to seek a monastery, where he was murdered. His son, believing his uncle, the younger brother of the first, to be the murderer, improved his opportunity to kill the latter, and was in turn beheaded by a soldier. In this tragical manner the Genji family became extinct. The Hojo clan had now fairly established itself in the other's place.

Her husband's line extinct, Masako desired to have as shogun a Fujiwara representative named Yoritsune, then but two years old. This was gladly agreed to; but when he was twenty-five he was forced to resign in favour of his own son, a boy of six. This boy-shogun was sent back to Kyoto at the age of fourteen, to be succeeded by a young son of the Emperor Go-Saga, who was in turn followed by his son when but three. It is monotonous to repeat these examples. All through the Hojo domination of nearly a century and a half, there was an imperial figurehead at Kyoto, the shadow of a shogun at Kamakura, while the Hojo held the real power and controlled both.

Of course wars and bitter opposition ensued. Grown bold in their usurpation, the Hojo clan dared to insult and attack the imperial house at Kyoto. At last the nominal ruler at Kyoto sought to recover what was rightfully his, but his plans being discovered by the Hojo, he was seized and sent into banishment at Oki. On the way occurred an incident that has been celebrated in art and drama, and shows that the straws were already floating with the stream of coming power for the mikadoate at Kyoto.

Among those who were faithful followers of the unfortunate emperor was a young nobleman named Kojima Takanori, who set out with a number of retainers to rescue the imperial exile. Missing the party in charge of the royal captive, the followers of Kojima left him in disappointment, when he followed on alone. It was now his wish to inform the

CURIOUS ROCK FORMATION AT HARUNA.

emperor that he had a friend who would not rest until he had been saved. But so closely was the prisoner guarded that he found no opportunity to deliver his message. In this dilemma he resorted to a scheme of great ingenuity as well as poetical beauty. Entering the garden of a tea-house where the party was stopping over night, he wrote in ink on the inner bark of a cherry-tree the following couplet :

"Ten Kosen wo horobosu nakare
Toki ni Hanrei naki ni shimo aradzu."

This couplet referred to the fate of an early king of China by the name of Kosen, who was wrested of his power, and sent, an exile, into a far-away country, but who was followed and rescued by a faithful friend named Hanrei, and it applied most aptly to the situation here. In English it would run something like this:

"High Heaven, bid Kosen hope
So long as Hanrei lives."

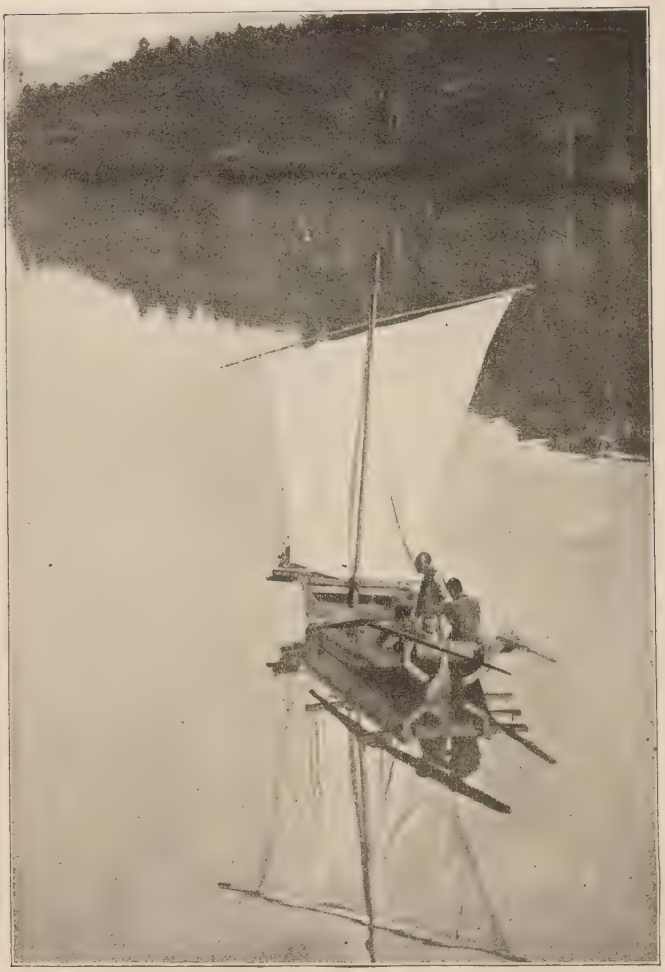
When the attention of the soldiers was directed to this singular message on the cherry-tree, which all saw had been newly made, but which none of them could read, they finally took the emperor to see it. He quickly deciphered it, and, with renewed hope in his heart, deceived his captors by declaring it some nonsense without meaning or purpose. It seems like an irony of fate that such a hero should fail in his loyal undertaking, but Kojima fell soon after on the battle-field. If he failed, there was another even then training for the work which was to reinstate the imperial line, trample in the dust the doubtful laurels of Hojo, and lay proud Kamakura in ashes.

This warrior who flits so clearly across the historic page was most fittingly a descendant of the Minamoto, though at the time of his appearance from obscurity into renown he was a captain in the army of Hojo, and his name was Nitta Yoshisada. He was among those who had been sent to seize the emperor, but, unwilling to do this, he deserted his command, and fled to his native town. From there he sent to the son of the exiled emperor word of his intention to try and raise an army to defeat the Hojo clan. He was given a commission in the name of the banished ruler, and a few days later, at the head of a strong force, he raised the revolt against the tyrannical Hojo. He had a banner made especially for him, which was a long white pennant, cut in twain by a black zone and crossed at the top by double black bars.

Nitta then boldly marched against the capital of his enemies. At nightfall he encamped by the seashore, not far distant from his objective point, and, surrounded by one of the fairest scenes in all Dai Nippon, made up of silvery seas, green islands, and flowering landscapes, and overlooked

by the snow-crowned Fujiyama, he immortalised himself by an act that poets and artists have never tired of reproducing. Assembling his army on the beach, he addressed his warriors in an eloquent appeal to battle on the morrow for their country and their emperor, closing with these words:

"Our heavenly one (the emperor) has fared ill at the hands of traitors, and has been suffered to be sent into banishment in the Western Sea. I, Yoshisada, cannot look upon this shameful deed in peace, and have called an army together that the robbers yonder might be punished. O Ruler of the Sea, I beseech thee to look into my heart, and if thou findest it loyal, command the tide to turn back so that we may pass by an open path."



LAKE SCENE.

Bowing reverently, he then tossed his sword far out into the water as an offering to the gods, that his wish might be fulfilled. A hushed silence fell upon the scene as the gold hilt of the noble weapon described a semicircle in the air, and then the keen blade cut its way to the bottom of the sea. The army was astir with the break of the new day, and found that the tide had ebbed so far that a wide, clear path lay between them and the city. Believing their leader to be chosen of High Heaven, Nitta's hosts followed him to a glorious victory that day, when the arms of Hojo

went down to rise no more, and Kamakura was wrapped in a winding sheet of flames.

Nitta's success at Kamakura was swiftly followed by the drawing of the sword against Hojo, east and west, and so earnestly was the contest carried on that the once powerful family was completely routed, and imperial rule in the West reëstablished. The vengeance of the long-suffering was something fearful to behold, and it is believed that not fewer

STONE FIGURES AT NIKKO.

than seven thousand nobles perished in battle or by suicide, which was considered the true code of honour for the defeated soldier. Thus, after one hundred and thirty-seven years of rule, the Hojo made way for another line of armed power. Whatever may be said against them, and much has been, it cannot be denied that they gave Japan the longest term of peace it had known up to that time; they developed the natural resources of the country as these had never been advanced; and they encouraged art and cultivated literature, the mixed tongue of to-day being

one of the results. To this era belonged the "old masters" of the arts of lacquer-painting, image-carving, and sculpture. It was during this reign, too, that many of the grand temples, pagodas, colossal images, and monasteries were built. The Bronze Buddha at Kamakura, which alone remains, a reminder of the glory of that day, was really built under the Hojo rule, though conceived by Yoritomo and the money raised by an admirer of his. A monument of note was reared by one of the Hojo, above the grave of Kiyomori, who, it will be remembered, was the founder of the Tairan rule. To the sagacity and invincible patriotism of the Hojo family was due the defeat of that great Mongol invasion, which will be the subject of our next chapter.

Before passing on to that, however, it can do no harm to mention the ill fate which seemed to follow Kyoto, the imperial city, during the era of boy emperors and shadow shoguns. Deluged often in blood by the many sanguinary battles between the rival factions, it suffered from other causes that were beyond the power of man. In 1177 many thousands of homes and a portion of the imperial palace were destroyed by fire. Three years later a most disastrous hurricane visited the unfortunate city, when the court of Kiyomori was removed to the fortified city of Fukuwara. This was in 1180, and a year later famine and pestilence reigned over the panic-stricken inhabitants, following, very singularly, close upon the death of the usurper. Again, the overthrow of the Taira at Don-no-ura, in 1185, was succeeded by a tremendous earthquake. Small wonder that the superstitious looked on one evil as a sequence of the other.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MONGOL INVASION.

WHEN Kamakura was at the zenith of her glory, and the Hojo reigned supreme at the military capital by the sea, commerce assumed its highest success until that date. Trade was carried on far and wide by merchants, who sent their goods throughout the provinces on horseback. The most serious drawbacks to these business ventures were the frequent attacks from numerous mountain bandits that infested the country. These showed remarkable boldness in their depredations, often going so far as to rob the people in their homes, and every traveller laid himself liable to onset from them. Many of the outlaws were members of families that belonged to the nobility, were expert in the use of weapons, and cunning in their schemes of plunder. Finally they grew so bold and artful as to assume the rôle of officials, and to exact "tribute" from the farmers and tradesmen, none of whom dared to protest. Many a "toll-gatherer" of this kind outdid in audacity and skilful robbery the reckless lawlessness of the Claude Duvals and Dick Turpins of a later day in England, and the tales of those times fairly bristle with the romantic daring of these border bandits of Japan.

During the reign of the Fujiwara lords the Genji clan had driven these banditti back into the mountains, while the Taira forces had cleared the Inland Sea of the pirates that swarmed in those waters. The ascendency of the Hojo family had caused the breaking up of the clans constituting the natural defence of the frontiers, with the consequence just described. On the sea it was even worse, though this was due largely to a different cause.

The gain to be obtained from intercourse with foreign nations was first understood by the Taira chieftain, Kiyomori, in 1170, and he attempted to establish commercial relations with China. Some five hundred years before, Japan had originated the custom of sending embassies to that empire, but finding that this courtesy was received by the rulers as an

indication of vassalage, it was discontinued after two hundred years, or three hundred years before the rise of the Tairan dynasty. Then Kiyomori sought to build up a trade between the two countries. In order to enable the successful entering of foreign goods into Japan, he instituted extensive improvements in the harbour of Hyogo, now Kobé. But his wars so engrossed his attention that he was obliged to abandon the purpose, and no one following him finding the opportunity or having the inclination, the enterprise did not assume great proportions. In 1254 the traffic was limited by the Hojo regent to five junks, and these were protected by license, and all vessels not having a government permit were put under ban and burned whenever captured. At this time, as for a long period previously, the officials of Kyushu and the nobles of Satsuma, who were in closer proximity to the empire of the West, sent numerous ships to and fro in the interest of trade. Another class, while scarcely more outlaws than these, inaugurated a reign of piracy which made the name of Japanese sailors a terror on the high seas.

MOVING.

It is the proud boast of Japan that the foot of a foreign invader has never been set upon her shore. It is true she has not often been called

CHERRY PARK, UYENO, TOKIO.

upon to defend herself from enemies outside of her own domains, but there is glory enough for the boast in the repulse of the Mongol armada, under the reign of the Hojo family. That victory alone is considered sufficient atonement for all the crimes and mistakes of that body of the Taira.

The Mongol invasion, as it is known in history, was led by a grandson of the renowned Genghis Khan, named Kublai Khan, who was considered

THE SILVER PAVILION, KYOTO.

worthy to wear the mantle of the great conqueror. The utterance of the name of that mighty horde at this time was enough to strike terror to the heart of the listener, as well it might. Not content with the subjugation of China and Corea, and the overthrow of the caliphate of Bagdad, Genghis had expanded the empire of the Mongols as far west as the Oder and the Danube. Dying in 1227, in his 68th year, he had left, as a part of his legacy to his descendants, the prophecy of an inspired seer that his family was to secure the conquest of the world. During the career of his son this remarkable enterprise was not undertaken further than to prepare

for conquest by increasing the number of his followers. Kublai, his son, believed himself able and ready to finish the work begun by his grandfather.

The great Mongol leader's first move was to send to Japan for tribute and acknowledgment of vassalage. The Hojo régime, then at the height of its power, under the rule of Hojo Tokimune, would not listen to this insolent demand, and though six embassies were sent in succession, each was dismissed without ceremony. Through this slow method of getting down to business, an interval of six years elapsed. Believing at last a war was imminent, the Japanese began to raise armies and to build war-boats and junks with which to meet the enemy at sea. A large body of warriors was sent from Kamakura to join in the defence of Kyoto.

During the same period the Mongol force was preparing for the intended invasion. Tartars, Chinese, and Coreans united in the expedition, but the larger number of the ships were built in Corea. On the 12th of November, 1274, about forty thousand men, in four hundred vessels, started on the first invasion. This body did not get farther than Imazu, on the north shore of Kyushu, where they suffered the first repulse, and the leader falling in battle, the shattered force returned to China.

Instead of following up this first attack with another, at once, Kublai sent nine envoys to demand tribute, and these declared their purpose of remaining in Japan until they should receive a favourable answer. A request was made that they come to Kamakura immediately. Deceiving themselves with the idea that their threat had served a good purpose, they obeyed. In the village of Tatsu no kuchi ("Mouth of the Dragon") they paid for their temerity by the loss of their heads. Still Kublai, with a forbearance that seems remarkable, sent another embassy. These envoys were meted out the same reward as their predecessors, with the added consideration that they were saved a part of their journey by having their heads cut off in Kyushu.

Nothing deterred from his purpose by his reverses so far, the Mongol commander now fitted out the great armada of the Far East, in order to conquer and humiliate Dai Nippon. His entire fighting force now numbered considerably over one hundred thousand men, transported on three thousand five hundred ships, whose sails "whitened the seas as the snowy herons whiten the islands of Lake Biwa." Many of these craft were

really boats with huge decks and high prows, and bungling capstan raised at the stern. Although sails were used, the main dependence in getting over the sea was placed on oars plied through three-cornered holes cut in the vessels' sides. Thanks to the advice of the Venetian adventurers, Marco Polo and his uncle, at that time visitors with the Mongol chief,[1] many of the junks of this great fleet were armed with European engines of war, while a large number of them were of proportions which Japanese craft had never attained. Of the artillery carried by the Mongols we have

HONMOKU.

no clearer account than the annals of the Japanese, which go on to say that the Chinese poured forth upon them great numbers of iron balls, the discharge accompanied by loud reports. These volleys were very destructive to life, greatly damaged their parapets, and set fire to the watch-towers. Other weapons were spears, heavy bows, and straight swords. The soldiers were encased in thickly padded coats with skirts reaching below the knees, while their heads and shoulders were protected by iron helmets, from which hung padded edging a foot or more in depth. The

[1] This couple spent seventeen years — 1275 to 1292 — at the court of Kublai Khan.

helmets of the officers were in many cases forged of the best of metal by skilled armourers, and inlaid with silver or gold.

One day in the seventh month (June 26th), in the year 1281, watchers on the hills of Daizaifu were startled by the sight of this vast squadron coming majestically up the bay, until it had ranged itself proudly and triumphantly off the castled city.

Couriers were immediately sent in every direction to spread the omi-

PUBLIC GARDEN, MUKOJIMA.

nous news, while the armed forces prepared to meet the invaders in a life and death struggle. In order to prevent a landing of the enemy, the Japanese began to send out boats to engage in hand-to-hand fights. For fighting upon the water the Japanese were poorly equipped. Their boats were slight affairs when compared to the Chinese, and afforded no protection to the occupants. This shows that, until then, or later, the Japanese had given little consideration to maritime warfare. On the other hand, the weapons of the islanders were far better than those of

Coolies Celebrating a Holiday

the invading horde. The samurai's pride was his skill with his strong bow, often seven feet long, while his armour was a flexible combination of metal plate greatly superior to that worn by the Chinese, which must have been clumsy and warm for the wearer. Another weapon in considerable favour with the Japanese was the long glaive, with its crescent-shaped blade. But the weapon *par excellence* among the fighting gentry of Japan was the keen-edged, finely tempered sword that has become so closely linked with the war fame of the nobles of Japan. The Chinese blade was a poor instrument of destruction when compared with those of their rivals, and when this deadly weapon was wielded by the skilful and untiring arm of the samurai, this difference was made doubly significant.

The Japanese accounts of this critical battle with the Mongol invaders are filled with vivid descriptions of personal prowess, which the followers of Kublai Khan could not match. They tried in vain to effect a landing, while the brave Japanese continued to swim out to them, besides those who went in boats, many of them paying for their daring with their lives. One intrepid captain, named Kusanojiro, selecting a crew of fearless men, sculled out to a war-junk, and in spite of the storm of arrows, spears, and darts hurtled about their heads, boarded the Corean boat. Here the doughty leader, already suffering the loss of an arm, directed such a furious attack that before assistance could come to the Coreans, he had won the day. Setting fire to the junk, he and his surviving companions escaped with a score of heads as grim trophies of their valour.

The Mongol commander now arranged his fleet in a huge semicircle, linking vessel to vessel with iron chains, and, mounting huge catapults, — bow-guns of immense size and carrying death-dealing darts, — formed a barrier the light craft of the Japanese could not reach without the most desperate feats. But, although holding their assailants at arm's length, they were kept at bay, and the mighty armada found itself unable to gain a landing on Japanese soil. Over two thousand lost their lives in learning this fact.

The Japanese had now constructed miles of fortifications along the shore, though these were of the simplest kind, consisting of parapets of stone from two to six feet in height, or wooden palisades. There was no flank defence, the only object being to obtain a shelter from the missiles of the enemy, not high enough to interfere with the use of

the bow. In addition to the ordinary bow described already, a cross-bow, said to have come originally from Corea about the year 600 A. D., was used on this occasion. This was a powerful weapon, sometimes requiring as many as a hundred men of lusty sinews to handle. Those most common, however, needed only two strong fellows. From behind their rude breastwork the defenders of Dai Nippon fought for their native land.

HODO CASCADE, NIKKO.

The hero of this hour was a captain named Michiari, who had long prayed to his gods that he might meet in battle the wild horde of Mongols, whose terrific fame had overspread the Far East. This doughty warrior had written his prayers on paper, and, burning the same, had swallowed the ashes that he might gain his wishes. Now that the opportunity had come, he lost no time in fitting out two boats with crews of his own undaunted spirit, and they went forth to meet the overwhelming enemies. His companions shut their eyes at the sight of his foolhardiness. The Mongols were at first amazed at his audacity, and then believing that his purpose was to surrender, refrained from firing until it was too late to retrieve their error. Upon reaching the nearest Tartar junk, the Japanese threw out their grappling-hooks, and a moment later sprang upon the boat of the enemy. A

furious combat ensued, but the keen two-edged swords in the hands of the best swordsmen of Japan proved more than a match for the soldiers of Kublai. Soon overcoming the Mongols, and setting the junk on fire, Captain Michiari and the survivors among his crew started back toward the shore, carrying among their captives an officer of high command in the Mongol fleet.

Many deeds of this valorous nature are recorded, and these so fired the blood of the Japanese that reinforcements rapidly increased the

HAND-CART.

number of the Hojo army, while about this time the news was carried to Kyoto that the invaders had succeeded in landing, and were advancing toward the interior in overwhelming numbers. Excitement of the wildest kind reigned everywhere. "From the monasteries and temples all over the country went up unceasing prayer to the gods to ruin their enemies and save the land of Japan.[1] The emperor and the ex-emperor went in solemn state to the chief priest of Shinto, and, writing out their petitions to the gods, sent him as a messenger to the shrines at Isé. It is recorded, as a miraculous fact, that at that hour of noon, as the sacred envoy arrived

[1] Griffis.

at the shrine and offered the prayer, — the day being perfectly clear, — a streak of cloud appeared in the sky, which soon overspread the heavens, until the dense masses portended a storm of awful violence. One of these cyclones, called by the Japanese *tai-fu*, or *okasé*, of appalling velocity and resistless force, such as whirl along the coasts of Japan and China during late summer and early fall of every year, burst upon the Chinese fleet. Nothing can withstand these maelstroms of the air. Iron steamships of thousands of horse-power are almost unmanageable in them. Junks are helpless; the Chinese were these only. They were butted together like mad bulls. They were impaled on the rocks, dashed against the cliffs, or tossed on the land like corks from the spray. They were blown over until they careened and filled. Heavily freighted with human beings, they sunk by hundreds. The corpses were piled on the shore; or, floating on the water driven out to sea, may have reached the mainland, but were probably overwhelmed. The vessels of the survivors, in large numbers, drifted to or were wrecked on Taka Island, where they established themselves, and cutting down trees, began building boats to reach Corea. Here they were attacked by the Japanese, and, after a bloody struggle, all the fiercer for the despair on the one side and the exultation on the other, were all slain or driven into the sea to be drowned, except three, who were sent back to tell their emperor how the gods of Japan had destroyed their armada."

Thus with accounts of valiant deeds, interwoven with tales of superstition, the Japanese show how they and their gods saved Dai Nippon from the Asiatic conquerors. By the way, it seems to be the records of all centuries that armadas are doomed to meet a tragic end by storm rather than from the resistance of those whom they sought to conquer. Two notable examples of this kind, from the many that might be given, were the stormy fate of the Spanish fleet in English waters, and in 1745 that of the French armada which was sent to vanquish the New England colonists, but which was itself destroyed by the equinoctial storms of the Atlantic.

Fortunately Japan has never been threatened with another invasion of this kind, but the memory of that one still lives in the minds of the people, and the mothers of Kyushu even now seek to hush their crying babies by declaring, in a low tone: "Lie still and slumber, or the Moko (Mongols) will come again!"

WISTARIA GARDEN AT KAMEIDO, TOKIO.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE RISE OF THE SHOGUNS.

WITH the overthrow of the Hojo clan the exiled emperor, Go-Daiga, was restored to power. But he seemed to have lost his former integrity and ability to govern justly, and he made the grossest of mistakes. He sought to reward those whom he wished by bestowing vast estate upon them, rewarding least of all the brave Nitta and the faithful Kusunoki, while to those who deserved the least, and were really plotting his ruin, he gave liberally of the spoils of war. Among these last was a companion of Nitta named Ashikaga, who soon began to plot to place himself at the head of the military power. Through the assistance of a woman, who wielded great influence over the emperor, he succeeded so far that he divided the people into two great factions. Placing himself at the head of one, he boldly proclaimed that Go-Daiga did not belong to the rightful line of rulers, but that one Kozen was the true son of Heaven. This impostor declared Ashikaga Sei-i Tai shogun, and in 1336 his rival dynasty established Kamakura anew as the military capital of Japan. A civil war followed, worse in its outcome than the struggle between the red and white banners of the Taira and the Genji, — a war of rival emperors.

Nitta espoused the cause of the true emperor, and met the fate of a hero on a battle-field at the head of his slain comrades, his last act being to cut off his own head to save it from his enemies. The tomb of this gallant soldier is in Echizen, near the spot where he fell, and to this day his grave is strewn with flowers by those who cherish his memory, and repeat in song and story his valiant deeds. That other hero of the period, Kusunoki, who is considered the purest patriot of the Dark Ages of Japan, after having his advice ignored, and seeing only ruin and disgrace ahead, retired to a farmhouse in the country, and, sending his wife and child on before him, went down into the dark valley by that death the true soldier always preferred — the hara-kiri. One hundred and fifty of

his warriors imitated his example, and as many as twelve nobles did the same.

This dual system of rule, or attempted rule, which lasted over two hundred years, or from 1336 to 1573, is the least interesting of any period of Japanese history. It has less of chivalry and more of cruel and useless sacrifice of human life. It was the Dark Age of Japan.

The next conspicuous figure which flits across the checkered panorama

BUSH-COVERED CLIFFS, KAGOSHIMA.

of feudalism is that of Nobunaga, a descendant of Kiyomori, who appeared on the scene in 1542. It was he who ended the Ashikaga usurpation. He was an able general, and, what was of fully as much importance, he called about him the ablest quintette of warriors that Japan ever knew. The names of two of these have already been mentioned several times. The group comprised Hideyoshi, Goroza, Shibata, Ikeda, and last but not least, Iyeyasu. Shibata belonged to the same family as Nobunaga. The last-named gained possession of half a dozen provinces, among them

Isé and Echizen, and obtained control also of Kyoto, where he built the fine castle of Nijo. He made Ashikaga Yoshiaki shogun, but becoming dissatisfied with that official he removed him in 1564; this was the last of the Sei-i Tai shogunate, until one of his generals, Iyeyasu, secured it forty years later under the title of the Tokugawa shogun. If Nobunaga did not become shogun, he governed in the name of the emperor, until he was driven to death by the treachery of his followers. Although truly

A MONASTERY GARDEN AT NIKKO.

a great general, and having done a good work for Japan, he won the undying hatred of the Buddhists by his lack of faith in their religion, and by declaring that the worship of their gods was vain, their images impostures. Nor did he stop here, but he struck the first blow against the "Flower of Religion," which had thrived with wonderful prodigality under the Ashikaga. He dared to attack one of their monasteries, and, after tearing down the walls, set fire to the shrines and temples. He struck with a force and success against the faith, that is felt at the present time. No wonder the Buddhists abhor the name Ota Nobunaga, who has slept

through three hundred years of hatred in an unmarked grave, on a hill overlooking the azure waters of peaceful Lake Biwa, and within sight of the fortified walls of Hikone.

Nobunaga's foremost lieutenant was Hideyoshi, who, it has been said, was the most remarkable man in Japanese history. He was the son of a peasant, ill of feature and small of stature. But he did not mingle with the other boys of his acquaintance, preferring to seek more exciting scenes. Finally he became a *betto*, or groom, who cared for Nobunaga's horses.

HARVESTING RICE.

Seeing that the youth possessed unwonted fire and marked cunning, this general advised him to become a soldier. He had no family name then, but in 1562 he adopted that by which he is best known, though he answered to several others during his active career. In 1591 he took the title of Taiko. Not only was he slight of stature and misshapen, but his countenance was so weazened and his eyes were so bright as to gain for him from the enemies whom he had conquered in battle the epithet of the "crowned monkey." While he was a great strategist and soldier, his happiest quality was his ability to win over to his support, by sharp device and skilful argument, those whom a less astute man would have made

enemies. His banner was the singular device of a cluster of gourds, and wherever that golden emblem waved, was the scene of victory, except on one occasion, which shall be described later on.

At the time of Nobunaga's untimely death, Hideyoshi, with one of the former's sons, was fighting at the head of the imperial army to hold the provinces of the West. Upon learning of the disaster to his commander, he hastened to Kyoto to capture the traitor who had brought it about. Getting separated from his followers during an engagement with the enemy, he barely escaped with his life by urging his horse through a rice-swamp until reaching a small Shinto temple. Driving his horse back, he entered the place just as the priests were about to bathe. Disrobing, he plunged in with the others, and his pursuers, coming along a few minutes later, failed to recognise him, and changed the search to another direction. Hideyoshi rejoined his troops. Twelve days later he encountered the army of the usurper on the banks of the river Kodo, and completely routed the force. The leader, finding he was likely to be captured, committed hara-kiri. His head was borne in triumph through the streets of Kyoto. The emperor rewarded Hideyoshi with the highest honours in his gift.

He was now paramount in power. Of the other generals of Nobunaga, Iyeyasu was fighting Hojo of Odawara, in order to hold eight provinces in the Kuanto. Shibata, who was a brother-in-law to Nobunaga, was at Echizen, guarding the rights of the emperor's third son in that quarter. Hideyoshi saw his opportunity, and he was the last man to miss the golden chance.

In a little temple standing under a pine grove at Fukui, in Echizen, the visitor to-day is shown the fragments of a rusty, corroded armour, which he concludes must have been worn by some valiant warrior of the days of feudalism. As his guide notices the interest with which he views the ancient relic, his eye kindles, and he says:

"The armour of Shibata, the brave samurai, who died as a true warrior dies, defending his castle against the Tokaido over three hundred years ago. Upon learning that the Tokaido was coming to attack him, he prepared for such a defence as he could make at his castle. But great numbers were against him, and seeing the inevitable result, he resolved to meet his fate as became the dignity of his race. Calling his followers

about him, he offered them an opportunity to escape by surrender, saying that for himself he preferred death at his own hands. To a man, they declared that they would perish with him. Thereupon Shibata ordered a feast to be prepared, at the same time making preparations to have the castle fired at several places simultaneously at a signal from him. He then sent for his wife, Odani, who belonged to a noble race, and the other women. The wine-cups were filled to overflowing, and a merry dance

THE GOLDEN PAVILION, KYOTO.

was begun. At its height Shibata told his wife the true purpose of the festival, and advised her to flee with their children and the other women of the castle. But she proved her loyalty by remaining with him, while of all the others not a woman deserted her husband. Then the revelry was resumed with renewed ardour, and at the proper time the fires were ignited. As the flames leaped up the walls of the doomed castle, the last and most tragic act in the wild drama was enacted. The victor of that day's battle, Hideyoshi, found only for his reward the dead bodies of

Shibata's wife and children, his own, and those of his faithful followers. Dost doubt this example of heroic devotion unto death? Near by are the ruins of the old castle, whose charred walls shielded the actors in that tragedy. Under the ancient pine rests all that was mortal of Shibata and his wife Odani, who was the noble sister of Nobunaga, with a soul none the less true and brave because she was a woman."

This simple tale is but an illustration of Japanese history, telling in a brief paragraph, it may be in a single sentence, how deeds that shaped the destiny of the "Island of Nine Provinces" are treated. If this barrenness of details serves to rob the scenes of the interest that Occidental historians delight in, it brings them out in such bold relief as no annalist of modern days has succeeded in doing for his scenes and his people. As it is with Shibata and his loyal wife and defenders, so are pictured nearly all of the foremost figures of Japan's warlike career. For this reason we fail to feel and understand the inner motives of their lives, and though our imagination may restore the ruined castle with its numerous armed retainers, rehabilitate the fire-eaten links of the shattered armour, with the heroic form that wore them, or, from the ashes in the grave under the lonely pine, revivify the beautiful figure of the heroic wife, we cannot breathe into these imaginative bodies the spirit of Japanese chivalry.

There remained one other of Nobunaga's generals for Hideyoshi to conquer, and he was the youngest of the great five, Iyeyasu, afterward to share with him the honours of war and peace. So the Taiko led his army against the then little-known warrior, and for the first and only time in his dazzling career was Hideyoshi defeated. While amazed at this outcome, he showed himself shrewd enough to profit by it, as no other man of his time would have done. Seeing in Iyeyasu wonderful qualities that might be made useful to him, instead of seeking further contention with the other, he offered him his friendship, promised him his sister in marriage, and the government of the province of Kuanto, which lay about Yedo. Iyeyasu was keen-sighted enough to see that he was on the losing side, and he accepted the terms of the Taiko, so that henceforth the two were friends and allies.

His enemies overcome, Hideyoshi returned to Kyoto to enter upon that part of his career which has reflected the most credit upon his name, and

has brought the greatest benefit to his country. Realising that soldiers in times of peace must be kept active in order to maintain good order, he began to improve the ancient capital, paved the bed of the river Kamo with flat stones, and reared magnificent palaces. He also deepened the river at Osaka, and dug many of the great number of canals which entitles this city to be called the "Venice of Japan." He originated the commercial greatness of the city, which makes it in modern times of so much importance. He reared powerful fortifications about Kyoto, built

SPINNING.

the great fortress of Osaka, the ruins of which are pointed out with pride to-day, and at different places erected castles, towers, and pagodas. The first in high power ever to forgive his enemies and win them over to his good, caring little for rank or family prestige, he became extremely popular, and under him Japan made great strides in progress and reforms.

Not being of Minamoto blood, Hideyoshi could not be made a shogun, though his actual power was scarcely crippled by this fact. Surrounded as he was by the nobility, he felt the need of establishing his identity with an ancestry which should place his family upon a respectable footing.

Tokio Castle Wall and Moat Filled with Lotus Plants

The fact that so little was really known of his ancestors, made his task the easier, and he showed that, while his mother in dire distress had married a peasant, she was of noble lineage, and that he had been conceived before her marriage with his supposed father. He had married a peasant girl in his youth, but from time to time he took unto himself other women of good families, until his wives numbered half a dozen, all of whom he retained in harmonious relationship.

VIEW OF MIYANOSHITA ROAD.

Perhaps the greatest mistake of his life was his scheme to conquer Corea, and ultimately China. It had been the pet idea of his ambitious boyhood to seize Corea and China, and to make the three (Japan being the third) into one nation, and this dream lost none of its fascination when he had become a man. He once declared to Nobunaga that he could overpower those countries as easily as one could roll up an old mat and carry it away under his arm. China at that time was badly disorganised, and the pirates then ranging the coast had cut off almost entirely the trade between Japan and Corea. Accordingly, in 1592 he fitted out an expedition to conquer Corea, but did not accompany it himself, as he had intended, on account of the pleadings of his aged mother to remain behind. He was then sixty years of age, and quite infirm. Though this army was bitterly fought by the Coreans, it was

successful, killing, it is claimed, in one fight, ten thousand of the latter, the ears of whom were cut off and brought home as trophies. There still stands in Kyoto a monument which is a grim reminder of that ill-fated day. It is called the Mimidzuka, or ear-tomb, and above a barrow containing the ears of the Coreans, rise a cube, sphere, pagoda, block, topped by two spheroids, the top stone having a pointed crest. The whole is nearly ninety feet in height.

Unfortunately for the complete success of the plans of Hideyoshi, his leaders quarrelled among themselves. One was a devout Christian, as were many of the captains of the expedition, while another hated the very name; and away from the influence of their master these chiefs became intense enemies. Thus Hideyoshi was obliged to accept a suspension of hostilities. The Emperor of China, believing that this quarrel meant the decay of power in Japan, sent an envoy to establish a suzerainty over the island empire. Aroused at this impudence, Hideyoshi seized the official document and tore it into shreds before the eyes of the Chinese ambassadors, declaring that he would not rest until he had conquered China and brought her under his dominion. But he did not live to carry out his intentions. In the midst of his preparations he was stricken down with his fatal illness.

It had been the great hope of Hideyoshi to establish his family in the regular line of succession to his achievements. But, while his different wives had borne him several children, only one son had been given him, and he was an infant at this time. Knowing that his end was near, Hideyoshi called Iyeyasu, his brother-in-law and most powerful ally, to his side, and made him promise to do all that he could to make his young son, Hideyori, his successor. Satisfied with this arrangement, he died, in 1598, in the sixty-second year of his age, having reaped a harvest of fame second to no man in Japan.

The era of Taiko is noted for its glory in many respects. During that period Japan reached its highest commercial success; it built then vessels three times the size of the junks that have since carried on its sea-trade; its inhabitants ventured into the far-distant seas, and, bent on trade or piracy, made voyages to southern China, India, Burmah, the Malay Archipelago, and the Philippines; the Island of Luzon, known to them as Roson, was a frequent place of visitation, where to-day are to be found

many descendants of those bold navigators, whose power was known and felt far and wide. The remains of him who was the ruling spirit at home during this interval, were placed in a grave on a hill on the western slopes of the imperial city, but the temple erected to mark the spot, by his wife, was long since burned, and the tomb of the illustrious founder of Japanese modern greatness is unknown. But such names as his need no stone to perpetuate their memory. He has been compared to Yoshitsune, but their reputations should not clash. Both won great battles, but if the latter was the greater general, it was largely because the former saw greater possibilities in the arts of political craft.

LAKE AND PAVILION, KYOTO.

"The age of the Taiko" was marked by another trying period of religious life, which was born under the reign of Nobunaga, and expired under the government of Hideyoshi's successor. This was the attempted planting of the Christian cross in place of the flower of Buddhism on Japanese soil. Nobunaga had favoured the Jesuit missionaries, and at first the Taiko was inclined to follow in his footsteps, but in 1587 he issued an edict for the banishment of all foreigners, these Jesuits having found their way to Japan soon after Columbus had discovered America and while Spain was trying to found an empire in the New World.

Hideyoshi's order was so far obeyed that all Jesuit churches were closed, though the friars continued to seek converts to their faith. The Taiko's son, who had been entrusted to the care of Iyeyasu, looked with favour on the Christians, but the more astute guardian thought that he saw in them

A TOKYO LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

fomentors of strife and an ultimate foreign government for Japan, and he opposed them root and branch.

The contention grew more bitter, until again Japan rang with the martial tread of armies, and the thunder of battle. In October, 1600, was fought at Sekigahara, in the province of Owari, the closing and greatest battle of five centuries of war. Iyeyasu was accused of disloyalty to his old patron, but leading his army to victory on that memorable day, he won by that triumph the first place in power. Three years later he was made shogun whether he wished the office or not, and thus was founded the Tokugawa dynasty, which stood the test of rival powers for two hundred

and sixty-seven years, or down to 1868. The last to yield to him was Shimazu of Satsuma, and the greatest sufferer was Mori of Chosu, who lost by that day's reverse six out of eight provinces which had acknowledged fealty to him. It may have been the irony of fate that, when the Tokugawa reign ended, the fatal blow was dealt by the lines of Satsuma and Chosu. Be that as it may, Iyeyasu's victory for the first time united Japan into one country.

Hideyori persisting in entertaining the Jesuit priests, Iyeyasu resorted to arms to crush out this foreign spirit, and on the 9th of June, 1615, laid siege to the fortified castle of Osaka. Again the tide of victory turned in his favour; Hideyori perished in the flaming fortress, and the cause of Catholicism received its death-blow. This was the last great battle fought on Japanese soil. By it was settled the claims to rule of the lines of Nobunaga and Hideyoshi. Foreign interposition was ended, and the isolation of Japan from the world fixed for over two centuries and a half. This was the calm which follows the battle; the rest which comes after the tiresome task of ages.

In no case is the lack of the minor facts concerning the lives of Japan's great men more felt than in that of the early life of the hero of this era. He was born at Okasaki, in Mikawa, in 1542, and that he was a warrior of no slight skill, courage, and rapidity of action, is assured by his recorded triumphs of war. But in the brief period of peace given him after his warlike victories to exercise his great gifts as a statesman, his other wonderful achievements are quite forgotten. All through the long and troublesome epochs of feudal Japan, the real cause of the never ceasing disturbances was the marked lack of men endowed with the genius of civil powers. There was a surfeit of military men of high order, but of statesmen there was a woful deficiency. Thus warrior after warrior fought or intrigued to gain and hold his power, with no legitimate idea of government save by the sword, and seldom was any attempt made to conciliate rival interests. We are speaking of the actual power, — the power behind and beyond the throne. As we have shown, the imperial line was a nonentity. The Soga régime originated this plot of dual government, — the placing of a military power over the civil; it was strengthened twofold under the Fujiwara: intensified under the Taira; to be made yet more reprehensible under the Genji, and Hojo, with

their "shadow shoguns;" and it was left for the Ashikaga to reconstruct this peculiar system. Through it all continued that singular dual allegiance of the people, undying attachment to the imperial family, and loyal devotion to the military usurpers.

It was left for Iyeyasu to build on this foundation of sand a structure of government which was to end five hundred years of bloodshed, and establish three hundred years of peace and prosperity. It was no small statesman who could so far project his gaze into the future from out of

MURAL CARVINGS, NIKKO.

the tempest of strife in which he had been born and bred. For this house to have stood so long, the natural conclusion is that he must have left successors who were able to carry out the work begun by him. The permanency of his achievements is largely due to his grandson, Iyemitsu, who followed so closely in his footsteps that the Tokugawa power was established beyond peradventure for many generations. Iyemitsu was the third shogun in this line, his father having helped forward the plans of *his* parent. Among others in the line who were powerful in upholding the régime was Tsunayoshi, the fifth shogun; Yoshimune, the eighth; and

Iyenari, the eleventh, all rulers of ability. Tsunayoshi was a great patron of literature, while the last named raised the dynasty to its highest standard of government at the end of his reign, in 1838. Twenty-nine years later the last shogun, the survivor of fourteen generations, quietly laid aside the sceptre of power and went into retirement, when the imperial line

A LOTUS LAKE, GINKAKUJI.

assumed its legitimate place at the head of the government and moved with its court to Tokyo.

It was the policy of Iyeyasu to place the emperor so far above the plane of the people as to be out of the reach of the intrigues and revolutions of ambitious men. In the minds and hearts of his subjects, he was the "son of High Heaven." He was isolated and must not be troubled with the trials of the common people. Not even the nobles were permitted to gaze upon him except through a curtain of finely woven bamboo. Having established this state of affairs, the shogun, who derived his power direct from the emperor, held it in his hands to put down any insurrection not sanctioned by the sovereign as a direct rebellion. Every insurgent was

treated as a traitor, not to the shogunate, but to the imperial house. Having fortified himself and his successors in this manner, Iyeyasu reconstructed the whole country of Feudal Japan with the wisdom and courage of a master at the art of statecraft. He created about two hundred and fifty provinces, held by as many military nobles, and these were eventually divided into nine thousand petty fiefs. The military holders of the larger divisions had absolute power within their own dominions, but had to render tribute to the shogun, and to live half of the year at Tokyo. Iyeyasu was shrewd enough to make the majority of his vassals men upon whom he could depend, while the others were so scattered upon this checker-board of country rule that they could not unite in a revolution against the head of the power. So long as a noble remained faithful to his shogun, so long was he guaranteed protection from the encroachments of his neighbours. The people were divided into four classes, ranking in the order following: the samurai, or "gentlemen soldiers," who held land by virtue of their military service, and enjoyed many privileges; the farmers, or tillers of the soil; artisans, including artists, and merchants, at the foot of the list. Of course such a prodigious plan could not be carried out in a day or a generation. His son helped along the work begun, while the grandson, Iyemitsu, did so much that he has been credited by some as the originator of the scheme.

It will be seen that no established code of laws existed controlling the relations between the nobles and the governed classes, but Iyeyasu, in his celebrated "Book of the Institutes," advised his successors to deal kindly with their subjects, and to stamp out as rapidly as possible the long-fixed custom of hara-kiri, or suicide, which had been a favourite method of death for centuries. A serious task for the student of history is that of tracing the origin and growth of this system of autocratic government, which gives evidence of a foresight, a moderation, and a sagacity hardly to have been expected from lords whose incomes varied from fifty thousand dollars to five millions annually, and with a power almost absolute. If any noble abused his privileges, the head at Tokyo did not hesitate to enforce the iron rule belonging to this system of feudal sovereignty. Another method of punishment was to impose the task of building some great public work whenever the conduct of a lord became such as to attract public attention.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

It may seem impossible that a government constructed on such a simple, and it may be clumsy, plan could meet the exigencies of the changing times, but this conclusion is reached without understanding the deep-rooted fealty of the personnel of the government founded by the astute Iyeyasu, who, if he builded better than he knew, reared a structure destined to withstand the storms of nearly three centuries, and then to fall without so much as shaking the inner walls. Under this simple form of rule the country increased in prosperity, the poorer classes growing richer, and the samurai, with some exceptions, developing education and

HARA-KIRI.

the military arts. Under this régime a new literature sprang into existence, the drama of romance and the novel of adventure appeared, while numerous artists of talent left work that has survived the criticism of following generations.

The line between classes during the Tokugawa dynasty was drawn very closely. The general division was the same as that described, and consisted of four degrees, the military standing at the head and the tradesman at the foot. But in reality this distinction did not include a considerable number of people who were considered to be below respectable humanity. For that reason the following classification more accurately

describes the relations of society: first, the *kuge*, or court nobility of Kyoto; second, the daimios, or court nobility of Yedo; third, the *buke*, or samurai of a rank under the daimio; fourth, the *hiyakusho*, tillers of the soil and untitled landholders; fifth, the *shokonin*, artisans and mechanics, including also artists; sixth, the *akindo*, or traders, merchants, and shopkeepers; seventh, actors, polite beggars, prostitutes, etc.; eighth, *eta*, *hinin*, tanners and skinners. The native terms descriptive of the last class should be understood to refer to a class not considered human, — beggars who squatted on land unfit for cultivation, and who dwelt in filth and rags. In some localities rows of their huts were to be seen, while the degenerate builders were miles away, soliciting such alms and bits of food as they could obtain from those more provident and fortunate than themselves. They were barred from entering the houses of the better classes, or even from warming their benumbed hands by the same fire. The second term signified those who live by grave-digging, burying dead animals, and dealing in their hides. Besides their begging, the hinins were sought to execute criminals and dispose of their remains when dead. Notwithstanding the bad odour a description of this last class throws over the situation, the social condition of Japan was better than it had ever been before, and was being steadily purified.

The Augustus of this golden era spent the closing years of his life at Sumpu, now Shidzuoka, looking kindly and wisely after the interest of his people, and at his death, March 8, 1616, he was entombed at Kuno Zan. A year later his son caused his remains to be removed to Nikko, within sound of the Kiri Furi (falling mist), and under the snow-crowned Nataizan Mountain, with the pomp and glory of pageantry befitting the grandest figure in Japanese life. The artist of his day pictures him as of medium size, well-formed figure, a round, plump countenance, beaming with good nature, and one upon whom care sat lightly. He was of untiring will, and it is claimed never allowed himself to be defeated in any purpose that he undertook. Unlike Hideyoshi, who arranged on paper an ancestry to suit his pleasure, and rising from a homely, simple peasant, astounded his friends and confounded his enemies by his remarkable tactics and indomitable mind, Iyeyasu came of pure Genji blood. He was descended from the early conquerors of Japan, and belonged by right to the imperial line of the "sons of High Heaven." His glory eclipsed them all.

LAKE SCENERY AT KOMAGOME.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SONS OF THE SWORD.

NOTWITHSTANDING his noble lineage, with all the great power at his command, the hero-worship bestowed upon him in life, and the glory that crowned his tomb, it must be remembered still that Iyeyasu was, at his highest, the guardian of the imperial person. He was in truth a vassal of the emperor, owning his office at the other's will. He was in rank below the lowest kuge, and in the same class as the daimios. In fact, he was only the most powerful of the second, or Yedo class, as described in our last chapter. Like many others of the illustrious train of Japanese heroes, he had won his prestige with his sword; indeed, they may all be called sons of the sword. As it was with Iyeyasu, so was it with his successors down to, and including, Keiki, the Cromwell of Japan. When he, reading in the signs of the times the rapidly approaching end of the military autocracy, wisely retired from the cares and vicissitudes of war to a retreat of peaceful seclusion, the sword that had upheld feudalism for centuries and had been the staff of ambitious usurpers, lost its association with chivalry, and was greatest in the deeds that were a memory.

The sword has played such an important and romantic part in the history of Feudal Japan, that anything like a full account of it would fill a large volume of curious and interesting reading. The sword was the cross of olden Japan, and the flashing emblem of power both divine and human. At the great Shinto shrine of Isé, the visitor at this distant day is shown three objects of reverential interest, which have been guarded through all the ages with zealous care. These were given to the Emperor Jimmu as keepsakes, after he had conquered the world. The first of these is the sword, supposed to typify strength and warlike shrewdness; second, the crystal, emblematical of the justice by which the first was to rule; and third, the mirror, which was to reflect the purity of the deeds of the others. It has been the attributes of these three which have ever upheld the peculiar dignity of the nobility of Japan. The first being in reality the badge of divine authority, the two-sworded gentry of the country composed the true nobility.

Though there were numerous varieties of these weapons, the swords worn by the samurai were invariably a large and a small one. He might own as many others as his circumstances would afford, and from among them choose his favourite pair. The etiquette of the sword was intricate and elaborate, imposing and striking, requiring years to master. This two-sworded gentleman, in making a call, was expected to leave his large sword in the hall in charge of an attendant; if the host was an official of high rank he was bound to leave both behind him, as a guarantee of good faith and confidence in the other. It was held to be a grave insult to allow one's sword to strike against that of another, while a feint to draw was accepted as a challenge to battle. It was never polite to draw the weapon from its sheath in the presence of another, without first asking the consent of that party. To move the sword by the foot or otherwise toward a person was considered by that individual as an insult, which must be erased by a duel to the death. These give but a faint idea of numerous and bewildering rules which governed the usage of the dangerous blade.

Of the many kinds of swords there were the *ken*, a product of the sixteenth century, made long, slender, and double-edged. This was succeeded by the *katana*, a weapon slightly curved toward the point, and having but one edge. The short sword was worn with this to denote the

high standing of the samurai. The members of lower ranks, such as doctors, artisans, artists, were obliged to carry short swords, or dirks, that had no guards. The ancient instrument of deadly work was about three feet in length, with two edges, and was wielded by both hands. The scabbard of this was inlaid in silver or bronze, and showed skilful workmanship in its artistic shape. Another sword, used in suicide, or hara-kiri, was less than a foot in length. The swords of the nobles were wrought by armourers, quite as famous in their country as those who produced

JAPANESE KITCHEN.

the renowned blades of Toledo and Damascus were in their lands. The Japanese weapons were, as a rule, made of fine elastic iron and steel combined, and, according to traditions of them, capable of being bent until both ends met. They were tempered so as to cut other metals, such as copper, without injuring their razor-like edges.

Mr. Mitford, in his excellent "Tales of Old Japan," relates that the occupation of the sword-maker was regarded as a noble calling, and that those of gentle blood often followed the vocation. He says that, while living in Osaka, he knew a swordsmith who was noted for his benevolence and kind deeds. "His idea was, that, having been bred up to

a calling which trades in life and death, he was bound, so far as in him lay, to atone for this by seeking to alleviate the suffering which is in the world; and he carried out this principle to the extent of impoverishing himself. What was true of this man applied to the class as a rule." It was Mr. Mitford's fortune to witness the passing of the old order for the new, the Great Transition which has placed Japan among the really strong nations of modern times. Only recently did the samurai cling to his

SPINNING SILK.

sword, and whatever the effect on the social standing of the country, there was no man bold enough to rob him of that right. Talking with a man of liberal mind and advanced ideas for his surroundings, Mr. Mitford received this prophetic reply: "I would that all the swords and dirks in this country might be collected in one place and molten down; from the metal so produced one sword might be forged, which, being the only blade left, should be the girded sword of great Japan." The speaker little dreamed how soon his words were to come true, in the passing of the

swords of the samurai into the "girded sword of great Japan;" the valour and skill wasted during centuries of internal contention became concentrated in defending it against the world.

Among the famous sword-makers of Japan was Masamune, who made his wonderful blades in the fourteenth century. These soon became weapons of great value, for the possession of which was many a hard-fought battle waged. Often as high as a thousand dollars was paid for

TEA GARDEN, FUKAGAWA.

a sword of his make, which was then an enormous sum for that country. None of his descendants, many of whom followed his calling, ever rivalled him in the craft.

Masamune had a rival, however, if one who lived before him could be called such, in Senju-in-Muramasa, whose forge was at Isé. His remarkable blades commanded dazzling prices, and their admirers equalled those of Masamune. At least one bitter siege of war was aroused by a controversy over the merits of these rival weapons.

Out of the mist and darkness of that far-away day come legends and

romances of Japanese swords that overshadow the glory of Damascus's renowned blades, and humiliate the pride of Old Seville. It was claimed that a Muramasa sword was powerful enough to hew through a bar of solid copper an inch thick, and delicate enough to split a human hair floating in the atmosphere. One of its admirers cut in twain, at a single stroke, five common blades, without dulling its edge or dimming the lustre of its polished surface. On the other hand, it was related on equally good authority that a blade of the make of Masamune possessed supernatural powers, and that its owner declared that whenever he went into battle it would cleave the heads of all who came in its way, without any force on his part. In fact, he had only to guide the wonderful instrument, and it would mow its way through the enemy, whose heads fell like hailstones in a summer tempest. This was, in turn, offset by the accounts of a Muramasa weapon which was believed to mirror in its polished surface the likeness of him who was to be its next victim, be that its owner or an enemy. In this way it bore, one after another, the wraiths of the victims it knew during its long career of bloodshed. One great drawback to these remarkable weapons was their invariable habit of never resting until they had tasted human blood, once they had been drawn. The owners, who may have grown incautious in their use, often became their victims.

There is a tradition yet current, of a Muramasa sword that its owner was obliged to leave with a pawnbroker, until he could obtain sufficient funds to redeem it. This fellow thought to act the part of a gentleman, and girding the weapon to his side he strutted about the streets. The spectators soon noticed his awkwardness, and began to jeer at him. Angered at this, he drew the blade to put his insulters to rout, but so clumsily did he handle the weapon that it turned in a great fury and slew him.

Thus the Japanese sword was an object of admiration and dread. Made of perfect metal by the most skilled workmen, its bright surface the playground of blue streamers of light, running its entire length, or the portrait-gallery of the owner's slain, with a chance that his own picture might appear among the battle-scarred faces, it was alike his ally and his betrayer. If the gleaming blade scintillated with the very rays of death, the guard, ornamented with bronze and golden figures of birds,

KAGO BEARERS.

blossoms, and sea-waves, was an object of even greater beauty. This part of the sword contained a rich store of Japanese history and mythological secrets. The engravers and decorators were more than mere workers of fanciful ornamentation. They were intelligent historians and artists of rare gift, who made of the warlike instruments that came from their hand the repository of the shifting dramas of the war, religion, romance, and social life of Japan.

Little wonder the owner came to love his sword as he loved his own

JINRIKISHA.

child, for it was the symbol of his standing and the defender of his honour. Without it he was a person in disgrace, and helpless to save himself. Not only was his favourite weapon a prize to him, but its record was his family tree. Sword-lore became a part of his education, and he could tell not only the maker of his blade, but the date of its making, the battles in which it had been an important factor, and how it had been borne amid those scenes of carnage. Nor was he the only one who knew all this. There were officials whose duty it was to examine the swords of the country, and these became so expert that by looking at a few inches of the blade they could give the name of the maker, the date of its forg-

ing, and all of the important incidents of its checkered career, no matter how old or busy it had been. In the government archives each and every sword was carefully and minutely described, as the deeds of real estate transfer are recorded in this country. By this means, it is easy to prove to-day the particulars connected with all of the most prominent weapons of the empire.

Besides these records and oral traditions, the literature of the sword is wide and rich in its scope. It figures conspicuously in prose and poetry,

STREET SCENE, OSAKA.

in history and fiction. Songs of the sword were the most popular form of writing, and many of them have become classics. We cannot better close this chapter, than in giving an extract from one of these, translated by one[1] who has caught much of the original spirit of martial melody:

"(Hush, listen, — my soul, my sword!)
Is he near, the fox that skulks
And kills in the dark unseen?
Shall we, too, hide and strike
In the dark a foe unclean?

[1] Mary Stockton Hunter, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Brave deeds are done in the day.
  Sun god, give me steel for sight,
War god, give me arm of steel,
  To avenge the deed of night.
    (His life for life of my lord.)

"(Hush, listen, — my soul, my sword!)
Not molten with toil of days
  Was the steel of your fashioning,
But with the labour of strenuous years,
  And the steel was a living thing.
Through your eager, thirsting veins
  The red drops hissing ran,
Pure blood of a fiery soul,
  Proud spirit of a man.
    (His life for life of my lord.)

"(Hush, listen, — my soul, my sword!)
You writhe in my grasp, my own, —
  He is near, the fox we snare!
You lift your quivering length,
  One moment — one chance — if he dare!
The blood that is in you gleams
  Wicked red, with flashes of light, —
Now, sword, my soul, cleave clean!
  Revenge is new life, new sight!
    (His life for life of my lord.)

"(Hush, listen, — my soul, my sword!)
Am I, too, wounded to death?
  What matter? My foot can spurn
His body, the fox that skulked,
  That killed in the dark. I earn
Remembrance for loyal love,
  For vengeance unto death, —
And this is a glorious way
  For a man to yield his breath.
    (His life for life of my lord.)"

Public sentiment, after the revolution in 1868, set in against the wearing of two swords so strongly that on December 7, 1875, Yamagata, the Minister of War, issued a memorial to Premier Sanjo, which on the 28th

of March, 1876, brought out the following pronunciamento: "No individual will henceforth be permitted to wear a sword unless he be in court dress, a member of the military forces, or a police officer." This measure, first advocated sixteen years before, became a law over the islands, even in Satsuma, the home of the sword.

LAKE VIEW, LOOKING TOWARD THE RESIDENCE, TOKYO. (TSUYAMA GARDEN.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE REVENGE OF THE RONINS.

HISTORY is but the dry bones of ages. The flesh and blood of the skeleton are the stories and traditions that clothe it with increasing warmth and beauty as time passes on. Japan is particularly happy in this respect, and among the innumerable legendary tales of the long era of feudalism the romance of the forty-seven ronins is accorded first place. This is to Japan what the Iliad is to Greece. It has, in fact, become more closely woven about the hearts of the people from its being a true narrative, even to its minor details. An incident of modern history, it found its own delineator from among the heroes who participated in the daring deeds, and who are considered as demigods in the worship of to-day. Their graves are the shrines of long trains of pilgrims from all over the empire, and their story, told by several authors, has become a classic in dramatic literature. In one version or another

the adventures and heroic parts performed by the players are all given individually, and are presented on the stage with remarkable fidelity to original action. In a sketch like this, one can only portray the leading incidents, which reflect with mirror-like faithfulness the loyalty, untiring endeavour, and valorous forgetfulness of self that, in all generations, characterised the Japanese people. The term *ronin*, or "wave-man," it may be well to explain at the outset, means simply a wanderer or vagabond. The signification of vagabond, however, is not exactly what we should give the word, for a man of noble parts may become a ronin. This may not be from choice, but for some trivial offence or whim of his master, who dismisses him to seek service with some one else. The ronin thus became the knight errant of Japan. There was also a lower order of ronins than we have to do with in this romance, but of them we need not stop to speak.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century a new shrine being ready to dedicate near Kyoto, it was necessary to send ambassadors to the shogun at Yedo with the intelligence, and two young nobles by the names of Takumi no Kami and Kamei Sama felt highly honoured with the distinction conferred upon them as bearers of this commission. In order to appear with credit at the military city it was necessary for them to receive instructions from some one qualified to teach them. Accordingly, a high official named Kotsuke no Suké was sought. Known as a very avaricious man, what were deemed liberal presents were carried to him. At first he met both curtly, and they were made to think that they had a big task on hand. Then Kamei Sama was advised to double his present, when the official was greatly pleased with the result. But his companion, failing to take the hint, continued to be ignored by his teacher, who called him a churl and dullard. Finally, to show his spite against the other, Suké commanded him to tie up his sock-string, which had become loosened.

Takumi no Kami, a man of remarkable patience and forbearance, had not murmured, and now he bent low and did as his tutor requested. This meekness angered Kotsuke no Suké, and he derided his pupil for his clumsiness, adding:

"Such awkwardness speaks plainly of your low birth, and it is evident that no such peasant as you can ever hope to be conversant with the court manners of Yedo."

Laughing at his insulting words, he was about to turn away, when Takumi no Kami, who could stand no more, desired him to wait a moment. As the Lord Kotsuke turned to see what he could wish, the aroused daimio aimed a blow at the head of the official. The court cap of Kotsuke saved him from anything worse than a scratch upon his forehead. Again Takumi struck at the official, and missed him. The frightened Kotsuke now fled, and, as he did so, an officer at the court rushed forward and seized the assailant. He was placed in confinement.

A KAGO.

After a brief council among the censors he was doomed to hara-kiri, and his property confiscated. He proved unfaltering, and died upon his own sword. His castle at Ako was taken by the government, leaving his family poor, and his retainers nothing to do but to become ronins. Some of these eventually connected themselves with other lords, but forty-seven of them leagued themselves together under the leadership of Oishi Kura-nosuke to avenge the wrong perpetrated upon their lord. The chief of this band, that was to become so famous, had been a chosen and trusted adviser to the unfortunate daimio, and he vowed that, while his master had committed a grievous error in drawing his sword within his tutor's

castle, he had sufficient reason for slaying the official. He was looked upon as a wise and a just man, so the others fell in readily with his plan of vengeance.

Every man knew this was no slight task. Kotsuke no Suké expected some retaliatory movement against him, and he did not stir without being surrounded by soldiers, and in his home he was guarded by faithful watchers. The ronins knew that every act of theirs would be watched, and the first thing for them to do would be to escape the vigilant spies

VIEW AT HONMOKU.

set over them by disarming suspicion. Accordingly they separated, each man following his own inclination, but instructed to keep his chief informed continually as to his whereabouts. Kuranosuke hired a small cottage in a village near Kyoto, and his whole conduct suddenly underwent a change. While before this time he had been an exemplary citizen, a kind and dutiful husband and father, he now appeared as a shiftless, ill-mannered fellow, who had no high aim in life. It is true, when alone with his family his old-time nature showed itself for brief intervals, but those who knew him away from home judged that his mind had been unseated

FERRY-BOAT, DOSHIGAWA RIVER, AT SAGAMI.

by his disappointment at having lost a good station. It was not publicly known where the majority of his companions had gone, but a few were supposed to have sought the mountains as hinins, a few had entered monasteries, while still others had become vagabonds, — wave-men of the most dissolute type. The widow of Takumi no Kami went to live in Yedo a quiet, secluded life. All this had been a part of the plan of Kuranosuke, as specified in the contract drawn up by him, and signed by the forty-seven free-lances, each in his own blood.

The spies of Kotsuke no Suké brought him pleasing tidings of the apparent idleness of those whom he had felt reason to dread. Especially was the news regarding their leader gratifying. One of them reported that he had seen with his own eyes the late councillor to Takumi no Kami sleeping off a debauch in the streets of Kyoto among a party of dissolute men, himself and companions the objects of jeers and gibes from the passers-by, while he slept on in the most utter unconcern. Surely one fallen to be such a brute had lost the courage to avenge the death of his master, and deserved not to be called samurai! To show further the truth of this, the messenger declared that he had spat in the face of the drunkard without arousing any show of resentment, though the mob howled with glee over his disgrace. The fears of the suspicious Kotsuke no Suké were allayed, so that he dared to venture abroad, though he kept about him his guardsmen. His spies were still ordered never to lose sight of the ronin chief and his followers.

So closely was Kuranosuke watched that he was obliged to assume his false character at home, and so well did he play his part that his own wife was deceived. With tears in her eyes she begged of him to reform, trying to show him the dishonour and the misery he was bringing upon his family, as well as himself.

"You said you were doing this to sham the people into the belief that you had no idea of avenging the death of your poor master, but it becomes unbearable when you carry this unseeming conduct into the heart of your home. Surely here, where prying eyes cannot see, you can at least show your loved ones that your manhood has not left you entirely."

He understood better than she the astuteness of the spies set to watch him, and that even then one was within hearing, and he replied:

"So you do not like my manner of life? Methinks it has taken a long

time to find out it is not congenial to you. If you like it not you are no wife of mine, and from the brothel I will get a pretty girl that will please me more. At any rate, I am tired of having an old woman whimpering about my house. It will please me greatly if you will go."

By this time he had worked himself into a furious passion, so the poor woman was sadly frightened, and knew not what to do or say. Upon her

BRIDGE NEAR IMPERIAL PALACE.

knees, with hands outstretched to him, she begged that he be merciful to her and their children.

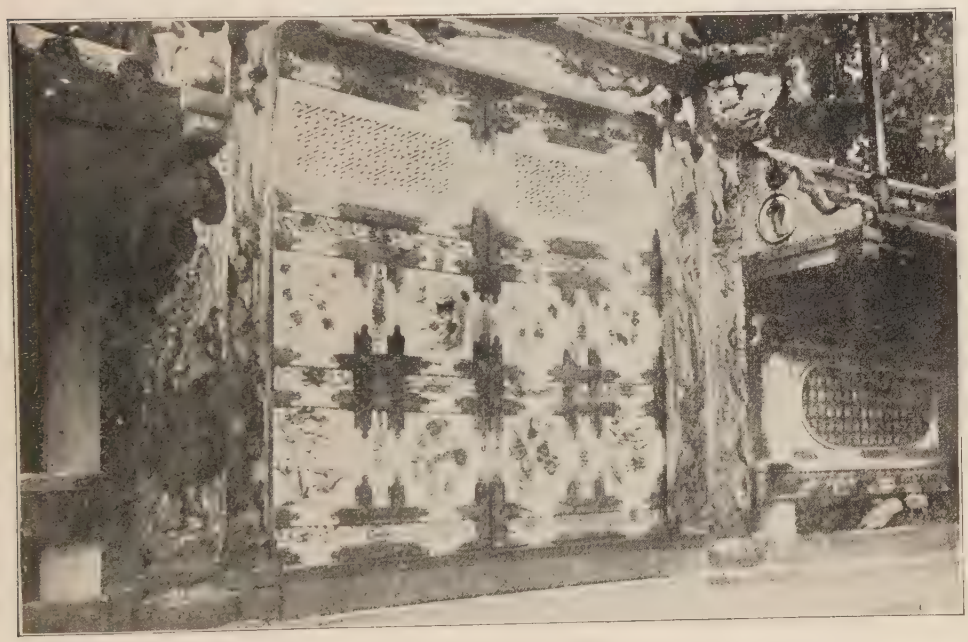
"For twenty years, my honourable lord, have I been your faithful wife. I have borne you three children, and have kept my faith with you through sorrow and affliction. I do not murmur at our misfortune now, only do not forget the obligations we owe each other. To me and our children be merciful, I beg of you."

Her words fell as if on a heart of stone, and, with cruel indifference, he replied:

"It is plain you do not understand me. I can find one who will better fill your place. Begone! and take the children with you, also, lest they be in my way."

The distracted woman sought her eldest son, and at her request he pleaded with his father, without changing the situation. Unknown to her he had joined with his father in the revenge of the ronins. Finally, in despair, the outcast wife went away, taking with her two of the children; Chikara, the son mentioned, deciding to remain behind.

Intelligence of this reaching Kotsuke no Suké, he laughed with the glee of a free man. Soon after, he discharged one-half of his company of body-guards, reasoning that he had little to fear from the ronins, whose chief had fallen into such a low state. Little did he dream that he was



KARAMON GATE, NIKKO.

ensnared in the trap set for him by the wary and patient Kuranosuke, who continued to lead his abandoned life, though he was in continual communication with his faithful followers. At that very time several of these were in actual employ of the marked noble, while others, in the guise of peddlers and workmen, found access to his castle. In this way they obtained a complete plan of his surroundings, the number and location of his rooms, who were his retainers, who of them were courageous and who were cowards, the members of his household, and their characters. All this was duly reported to the chief, while he watched, waited, and played his difficult part. Then throwing off his worry and anxiety,

Kotsuke no Suké gave up his vigilance, believing he had nothing more to fear. But among his advisers was one wiser than he, and this man proposed a severe test, to make the situation doubly certain. This was to send a soldier whom they could trust, to gain the confidence of the ronin chief by seeking to become one of such a band of avengers. When the desired spy was found, he was properly disguised, and accompanied by two others in the rôle of ronins, he set forth on his errand.

They found Kuranosuke at an inn of ill-repute, playing blind man's buff with a party of girls. Up-stairs, where they could watch the whole scene, as by prearranged plans, were two of Kotsuke no Suké's spies. The pretended avenger entered the room, and seizing Kuranosuke by the arm, demanded:

"Is it thus the wise councillor of Takumi no Kami spends his time in foolishness? I am Yazama Juitaro, and I have with me two friends who would fain speak with you alone."

"Caught!" cried the blinded man, exultantly, seizing upon the newcomer's arm. "Here, girl, you must pay a forfeit by drinking a cup of saké."

"Nay, Kuranosuke," persisted the other, "you do not understand. We have come to know when we are to set forth on our errand of vengeance for the blood of the innocent. We have a friend here who would fain become one of us. I can vouch for his honesty, and so can —"

"Away, girls!" broke in the ronin chief, "the game is ended for this day. To-morrow I will be with you again. I must sleep now. Will not some of you sing my favourite song?"

"This is no time for merriment," declared the disguised visitor. "In Yedo we are tired of waiting, and want to know when we are to act. I have here a faithful fellow, who swears to act true to us and our purpose. I will vouch for him with my life."

"Fool!" exclaimed Kuranosuke, "for your babbling tongue proves you to be such. Who talks of vengeance and merriment in the same breath, knowing that death lurks in the path of one, and the weakness which leads to the grave in the other? I did know a bit of verse, but whether it be about Yedo or Kamakura I cannot tell. Perhaps some of the gentlemen will be kind enough to tell me what we are talking about when I have awakened and my head is clearer."

Without further words Kuranosuke stretched himself on a mat and was soon sound asleep, very much to the chagrin of the interviewers, who failed to get anything more from him, and departed in disgust. When his father had slept well into the night, Chikara came and awoke him, saying:

"We are losing valuable time. Kotsuke no Suké is about to leave Kamakura. We must strike ere he gets away. Here is a packet from Lady Takumi no Kami, which will explain much."

"Go home, and leave me in peace," commanded Kuranosuke, taking the package and secreting it in his bosom. Understanding more than he showed, Chikara went his way. As soon as he was alone the chief thought to read the missive, but he was interrupted by the entrance of an old acquaintance from Kamakura, whom he had not met for a twelvemonth. This man was really one of the spies, who had thus boldly approached the watched man in the hope of getting at the contents of the letter. He was greeted civilly by Kuranosuke, who trusted no man, but treated every one in a frank manner.

"Well are we met. I think it has been a year since we last saw each other. Some wrinkles have come; what better time to smooth them out?" Saké was then ordered, and the newcomer drank with the ex-councillor, though he did not trust himself to eat of the solid food brought at the order of Kuranosuke.

"I have yet to learn that Takumi no Kami has changed into a devil-fish, so eat, good Kudayu. If you prefer, I will order a pullet. Let our feast be a merry one, since it has been a year from our parting, and no deeper sorrow sets on our stomachs than our hunger."

Looking askance upon each other at this display of blunted indifference upon a matter which should rest closely upon the bosom of the speaker, the two spies soon excused themselves and left the place. Kudayu proved himself exceedingly crafty, and when he entered the kago which was to bear him away, he passed out on the other side, and, placing a big rock on his seat to give the appearance of weight, crawled under the floor of the veranda, from which vantage he hoped to watch Kuranosuke, and, perchance, discover the contents of the suspicious letter.

His ruse worked so well that the sharp-eyed Kuranosuke was deceived by the apparent weight of the kago, and believed both spies had departed,

as the others had. He then began to read the missive, which was rolled so long that when he followed its page the end of the sheet dropped down through a crack in the floor. This enabled the concealed Kudayu to read enough to know that the plot of the ronins was working. He tore off as much of the sheet as he could, to carry away as proof of what he had learned, though he dared not leave his retreat yet.

The letter in reality contained nothing of importance beyond what Chikara had said, except the fact that Kotsuke no Suké was to depart

MODERN HOUSES.

from Kamakura with only a small body-guard. As Chikara had said, it was time to act. Neither was there any lack in the preparations. A complete plan of Kotsuke no Suké's yashiki, with gate-house and postern, barracks and private quarters, everything, even to the private storehouses, had been set down. The arms-merchant of Sakai, one Gehei, had procured arms, while the ronins themselves, lest their secret should become known, had made armour and uniforms for themselves. Two fishing-junks had been got in readiness to start at a moment's warning by the band of conspirators.

While Kuranosuke had been reading the missive, another actor who was

to play a small but an important part in the drama was on the balcony overhead. She was one of the girls who had been playing blindman's buff with the chief, and she was now engaged in dressing her hair by a small hand-glass. This mirror chancing to reflect, through an opening in the floor, the long roll of paper in the hands of Kuranosuke, her woman's curiosity was aroused to read the message, when she was horrified to discover the plot on foot. But, as she read on down the sheet, the glass re-

LOTUSES AND LEANING-PINE, TOKYO.

flected another object which excited her. This was the figure of the concealed spy under the veranda. She saw him tear off a portion of the paper, for it was now broad daylight. She started at once for Kuranosuke, to find her brother in the act of joining him. She told her story to him in a whisper, when he said:

"You will lose your life by this, girl."

"I am willing to make that sacrifice if it will help our friend in his brave work," she replied, and Kuranosuke, who had overheard all, replied:

"Fear not, maid," and rolling up the letter until he came to the torn end, which was proof of her faith to him, he added aloud:

"But yon skulking wretch shall die this hour."

Finding that he had been discovered, Kudayu tried to escape, but assisted by the girl's brother, Kuranosuke effected his capture, and, securely tied and gagged, the unfortunate man was consigned to the river. Message was sent to all of the scattered ronins that the time to act had come at last, and that they should meet at a feast in Yedo on a certain night. Kuranosuke quietly left Kyoto, and was on hand to take a seat at the head of the banquet board spread for the wildest feast ever given in Yedo. Not one of the forty-seven ronins was missing, every man of them easily distinguished by a coat with a back of bats' wings, and over the saké was pledged anew the vow made a year before. It was agreed that the sole object of the mission in hand was to obtain the head of the doomed man. No other life was to be taken that could be spared. Two attacks were to be made as near together as possible, one to be led by the chief and the other by his son, Chikara, though he was but a boy of sixteen. The moment any one of the band should find Kotsuke no Suké, he was to cut off his head, if possible, and then whistle, in order that his companions might know the object of the raid had been accomplished, and might hasten to their fortunate comrade. The head was then to be borne to the tomb of their beloved master, and, this done, they were to report in a body to the government, to await their fate for the misdemeanour.

A few hours later, at the dead of the midwinter night, with a heavy mantle of snow covering the sacred city, the two junks carrying the ronins and their war-weapons anchored off the shore of Kamakura. The party then divided into two divisions, as previously agreed upon, one party under Chikara, to scale the wall by the front entrance, and the other, led by his father, to force an entrance at the water-gate. The last being considered the easier place to effect an entrance, was to be attempted first, and upon a signal from Kuranosuke, Chikara's band was to begin its attack.

Chikara and his followers had to wait so long for the signal to begin their work that they grew impatient, and two of them, by the means of a rope ladder, climbed the roof of a porch and let themselves down into the

Whispering

court. Quiet reigned about the place, and surprising the guard they bound them hands and feet. The twain then made the beat of the guardsmen, giving the customary signal at regular intervals with the clappers used for that purpose, until the whistle from Kuranosuke told them the water-gate had been forced. This couple of ronins now broke with a hammer the stout wooden bolt of the great gate, when they were quickly joined by their companions. Then the cry of "Amagawa!" rang

LAKE VIEW IN THE TSUYAMA GARDEN.

clearly on the stormy night, awakening the sleeping inhabitants to the realisation that an enemy had entered within the fortifications. Kuranosuke immediately despatched a messenger to the people, saying:

"Fear not, good people, for it is not burglars nor murderers who have entered here to do harm. We are those who were once honourable retainers of Asano Takumi no Kami, now ronins, and we are about to break into the house of Kotsuke no Suké, that we may avenge the death of our master."

The people had begun to swarm upon the roofs of the neighbouring

houses, with lanterns and torches, but, upon learning the true situation, so little respect and fellowship did they have for the doomed noble that not one offered to lift a hand in his defence. Kuranosuke had issued his order sitting on a stool before the house of their intended victim, and his followers, uniting in one body at this time, a dash was made to capture their victim. At the entrance to the dwelling of Kotsuke no Suké, they

IN A GENTLEMAN'S GARDEN, FUKAGAWA.

were met by three of his valiant retainers, when they hesitated about doing them harm.

"How is this?" demanded Kuranosuke. "Are you to be stopped by three men, when you have all sworn vengeance on the head of him who rests within? You are cowards not worth the waste of time. Stand aside, and let Chikara, the boy, attack them, and die if his strength be not equal to the task of overpowering them."

Chikara needed no second bidding to do this, and he quickly engaged one of the defenders in hand-to-hand combat, while a couple of his companions opened battle with the others. The boy soon found himself

hard-pressed by the stalwart man-soldier, and he was obliged to retreat backward into the garden, where he inadvertently fell into a pond. No assistance was offered him, but the brave boy needed no aid. Fancying that he had finished him, as he saw him fall, the tall soldier turned to go to the assistance of his comrades, when Chikara sprang up and ended his career then and there. The other two defenders of the noble having been despatched by this time, the whole party of ronins, headed by Chikara, entered the dwelling. Their search for the daimio was prolonged, until they had dragged him forth from a corner where charcoal was stored. His face and dress black with coal-dust, the cringing noble was dragged through the snow into the presence of Kuranosuke, who politely offered him the opportunity to die the honourable death of hara-kiri. Presenting a most sorry-looking appearance, the cowardly Kotsuke no Suké finally pretended to accept the only alternative offered him, and raised his short sword in a feint at his own body. Instead of striking at himself, he sprang at Kuranosuke with all the force at his command. The latter defended himself from the blow, and, felling the wretch at his feet, cried out:

"Take him, men! he deserves no better fate than to be hacked to pieces by your swords."

Thereupon the ronins gave expression to the greatest joy, as they slew the unhappy daimio, saying in concert:

"Oh, blest occasion! It is for this hour we have waited, leaving parents, wives, children, to live as outcasts, that we might reap this harvest of just vengeance. Were it our fortune to see the *udonge*[1] bloom, never could we hope to find such favour as this."

The ronins now severed the head of the dead daimio, and, seeing that the fires were all extinguished, so there might be no conflagration, and carrying their ghastly prize, marched joyously out of the gate and along the road toward Takanawa, a suburb of Yedo, where stood the tomb of their dead master. It was daylight as they started on their journey, and the story of their night's exploit having been already spread abroad, they were greeted by curious and often friendly crowds, many of whom warned them that the father-in-law of Kotsuke no Suké was

[1] A plant resembling the fig, whose flowers are hidden within the fruit, and which, according to common belief, blooms only once in three thousand years.

following in pursuit with an army of retainers. But this pursuit was not made with sufficient vigour to overtake them, notwithstanding that they stopped at the home of a prince, at his invitation, and took breakfast with him. They were now received everywhere with applause, and their deed was praised universally.

Upon reaching the front gate of the tomb of Takumi no Kami, it was opened by the abbot of the monastery himself, who invited them to enter.

STEAMING TEA LEAF.

Washing the head of Kotsuke no Suké in a spring, they laid it carefully before the door, and, asking the priest to read prayers, they burned incense, Kuranosuke taking his turn first, Chikara next, and the others, one by one, until the last ronin had repeated the ceremonial. Kuranosuke then gave all the money they had to the abbot, saying:

"With this give our poor bodies proper burial, and let prayers be devoted to our souls, when we forty-seven have committed hara-kiri."

Immediately after, they gave themselves up to the proper authorities,

TENNOJI TEMPLE. OSAKA.

and while public sentiment looked with indulgence upon their conduct, it could not be otherwise than that they should be condemned to die, by their own hand if they chose. When this last act had been performed with a bravery in keeping with their whole career, and the object of the court gained, the valiant ronins were buried by the side of the tomb of their master. Their prowess was immediately sung far and wide, and many came to pray at their graves. Among these was the Satsuma

TEA-HOUSE GARDENS, OJI.

man, who threw himself prostrate on the mound of Kuranosuke, saying:

"Little did I dream you were planning to avenge the death of your master when I saw you drunk in the street at Kyoto, or that it was a part of your plan. I believed you false to the memory of your lord, and so I trod on you in contempt, and spat in your face, while the mob hooted you. I have now come to beg pardon for the insult, and to atone for the offence," and, with these words, he performed hara-kiri, and his grave, out of respect to his repentance, was made beside the forty-seven famous ronins.

This romance of the revenge of the ronins is one of the best examples of Japanese heroism and fine sense of honour. We see in their entire action no base thought of wrong to others, only revenge for the uncalled-for death of their beloved master, — a very calm revenge, tempered with the spirit of heroic justice. A testimony to this spirit is the high estimation in which this band of martyrs is held by the people. Even the spot selected for their tomb is one of great beauty, and is kept in perpetual

SMALL TEA-HOUSE GARDEN, NEGISHI.

order by voluntary offerings. A grove of old trees surrounds the temple, while a little to one side of the great court stands a chapel dedicated to the memory of the brave band. Within this chapel are enshrined the images, carved from wood, of Kuranosuke and his immortal followers, the group surmounted by a gilded statue of Gwannon, the goddess of mercy. Of the forty-seven many are represented as old men with gray heads, some are in the prime of life, and yet others, noticeably among these Chikara, are merely boys, but with expressions on their countenances showing great firmness and spirit. Near by is the little spring

of water, a placard bearing this notice: "This is the well where the head was washed; do not wash your hands or feet here." Higher up is the famous cemetery, with its forty-eight graves,— the last being that of the Satsuma man, — surrounded by an atmosphere of peaceful repose and brooded over by the noble old trees. Just beyond rises the monument of him for whom these heroes sacrificed their all. There are many mementoes of the band, — books, pictures, medals, scraps, and collections of old metal and wood, with pieces of chain armour, — bearing silent testimony to their deed. Among all this litter of relics, where are to be seen even the tattered garments of the ronins, crests, and badges, sword-handles, spear-heads, and a stout knife red with blood-rust, is a document yellow with age, and worn at the folds. This is the plan of the house of Kotsuke no Suké, to obtain which Chikara married a daughter of the builder who designed it.

Speaking of this youthful hero of the band, it is related that at the time of the hara-kiri the ronins were separated into four parties, and thus he was not with his father in that last trying ordeal. But it was a part of all such executions that the victims should receive the most considerate treatment. The ronins were sentenced in the palace of the nobleman, Matsudaira Oki no Kami, and he took leave of them one by one. When he came to Oishi Chikara, seeing his youth and innocence, he asked kindly if he had no message to send to his mother. The brave boy stood with bowed head for some time, and then looking calmly up he replied that his father had taught him how to die as fitted his station. That if he faltered now his hatred would follow him beyond the grave, and that the death awaiting him was the choice of his heart. Then he spoke of his mother, saying:

"She told me when we parted at Kyoto, and I had decided to remain with father, that our parting would be long, and she told me not to weaken when I thought of her. Since I then parted with her for long, I have no message to send her." Strong men present were not ashamed of their tears as they listened to the last words of the heroic youth. Our account of the days of Japanese feudalism fittingly closes here.

CHERRY BLUFF, YOKOHAMA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SOUL OF JAPAN.

JUDEA stands as a marked example of the refining influence of religious life; Greece wears the crown of immortal art; Rome laid upon the fluctuating surface of society the element of law. Thus the three, each a representative of a distinctive principle, form a grand trio in the history of the world. Japan, alone, stands for all of these, with the added grace of mingling with modern heroism ancient chivalry. Loyalty is the flower that blooms perpetually on the Parnassus of national enthusiasm. The American boasts of his patriotism, but he knows little of that divine spark as it has burned in the heart of the Japanese for nearly three thousand years. Patriotism in Japan is a passion and a worship, where a shrine marks every scene of human sacrifice, and where Nature becomes a divinity to idolise. We of this practical Western world are not able to realise all this, nor can we do so until we have torn aside the veil which obscures our vision, and we look upon the picture as we

A Kata Player

would look upon the romance that we delight to style the days of chivalry. We have no farther to look into space than the isle of Dai Nippon, and only to turn back to yesterday to find this era of courtly manners and divine heroism that seems to belong only to the shadowy races of a misty bygone.

In the light of yesterday's setting sun, the picture is before us of "a handsome youth with the sinister, splendid gaze of a falcon, in full magnificence of feudal war-costume. One hand bears the tasselled signal-wand of a leader of armies; the other rests on the marvellous hilt of his sword. His helmet is a blazing miracle; the steel upon his breast and shoulders was wrought by armourers whose names are famed in all the museums of the West. The cords of his war-coat are golden, and a wondrous garment of heavy silk, all embroidered with billowings and dragonings of gold, flows from his mailed waist to his feet like a robe of fire. How the man flames in his steel and silk and gold like some iridescent beetle, — but a war-beetle, all horns and mandibles and menace, despite its dazzlings." [1]

It was under this same sun of yesterday "that two millions of such panoplied warriors, trained from birth for the battle-field, inured to every hardship, and fearless of naught here or hereafter, save dishonour, guarded the battlements of picturesque castles throughout the length and breadth of the empire. It was only yesterday that through the silent streets of towns and cities vast daimios' trains passed on their way to Yedo, the law requiring their residence in that city for six months each year being as rigid as that which closed, while they were passing, every door and window on their line of march, that no vulgar eye might gaze upon them." [2]

Year by year, for over two centuries, was this repeated, the description given by the historian of that day, Kampffer, portraying as vividly the scene to living witness as to him whose shade long since joined that of his fathers:

"Very curious, and worthy of admiration, is the sight of the powerful train of a noted noble, the pike-bearers clad in black silk, marching in an elegant order, with a decent, becoming gravity, and keeping so profound a silence that not the least noise is to be heard, save what must necessarily

[1] Hearn. [2] Knapp.

arise from the motion and rustling of their habits, and the trampling of the horses and men. Numerous troops of forerunners, harbingers, clerks, cooks, and other inferior officers, begin the march, these being to provide the lodgings, victuals, and other necessary things for the entertainment of the prince, their master, and his court. They are followed by the prince's heavy baggage, packed up either in small trunks, and carried upon horses, each with a banner, bearing the coat of arms and name of the possessor;

CASCADE IN A NIKKO LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

or else in large chests of red-lacquered leather, again with the possessor's coat of arms, and carried upon men's shoulders, with a multitude of inspectors to look after them. Great numbers of small retinues follow, with pikes, simitars, bows and arrows, umbrellas, palanquins, led horses, and other marks of grandeur suitable to the birth, quality, and office of the noble. . . . The prince's own numerous train, marching in admirable and curious order, and divided into several troops, each headed by a proper commanding officer. . . . Five or six, and sometimes more, porters, richly clad, walking one by one, and carrying fassanbacks, lacquered

chests, and japanned neat trunks and baskets upon their shoulders, wherein are kept the gowns, clothes, wearing-apparel, and other necessaries for the daily use of the prince; each porter attended by two footmen, who take up their charge by turns. Ten more followers, walking again one by one, and carrying rich simitars, pikes of state, firearms, and other weapons in lacquered cases, as also quivers with bows and arrows." Others, bearers of pikes of state and ensigns of the noble's rank, follow, marching one by one, and then, "a gentleman carrying the prince's hat, which he wears to shelter himself from the heat of the sun, and which is covered with black velvet. He is likewise attended by two footmen. A gentleman carrying the prince's sombrero or umbrella, which is covered in like manner with black velvet. He is attended likewise by two footmen. Some more fassanbacks and varnished trunks, covered with varnished leather, with the prince's coat of arms upon them, each with two men to take care of it. Sixteen, more or less, of the prince's pages, and gentlemen of his bedchamber, richly clad, and walking two and two before his norimon. They are taken out from among the first quality of his court. The prince himself, sitting in a stately norimon, or palanquin, carried by six or eight men, clad in rich liveries, with several others walking at the norimon's side, to take it up by turns. Two or three gentlemen of the prince's bedchamber walk at the norimon's side, to give him what he wants and asks for, and to assist and support him in going in or out of the norimon. Two or three horses of state follow, their saddles covered with black. One of these horses carries a large elbow-chair, which is sometimes covered with black velvet, and placed on a *norikago* of the same stuff. These horses are attended each by several grooms and footmen in liveries, and some are led by the prince's own pages. Then follow two pike-bearers, followed in turn by ten more people carrying each two baskets of a monstrous size, fixed to the end of a pole, which they lay on their shoulders in such a manner that a basket hangs down before and another behind them. These baskets are more for state than for use. Sometimes some fassanback-bearers walk among them to increase the troop. In this order marches the prince's own train, which is followed by six or twelve led horses with their leaders, grooms, and footmen, all in liveries, a multitude of the prince's domestics, and other officers of his court, with their own very numerous trains and

attendants, pike-bearers, fassanback-bearers, and footmen in liveries. Some of these are carried in *cangos*, and the whole troop is headed by the prince's high steward, carried in a norimon. If one of the prince's sons accompanies his father in the journey to the court, he follows with his own train, immediately after his father's norimon. The pages, pike-bearers, umbrella and hat bearers, fassanback or chest bearers, and all the footmen in liveries, affect a strange mimic march or dance, when they

SILKWORM CULTURE.

pass through a remarkable town or borough, or by the train of another prince or lord. Every step they make they draw up one foot quite to their back, in the meantime stretching out the arm on the opposite side as far as they can, and putting themselves in such a posture, as if they had a mind to swim through the air."

In the crimsoning dawn of this morning the sight of this pomp and display vanished, and in the light of the new-born day we gaze on a scene where these people have laid at the feet of their emperor their

feudal rights and possessions, have relinquished all save the virtue of chivalry, and have entered upon the age of Progressive Japan as gladly and unfalteringly as their fathers' fathers entered upon the triumphs of feudalism.

"Feudal Japan, in kimono and hakama, two-edged sword, Chinese lettered, with its wealth of art and legend and its happy ignorance, protected from the outer world as by a thick and thorny hedge, by the

LAKE AND ISLAND SCENERY, OKAYAMA.

Tokugawa policy of non-intercourse, lives still in the memories of many who witnessed all the changes that culminated in the great revolution of 1868. They remember well the mediæval customs then in force. Each day, awakened by the noise of universal clapping of hands,— the entire population of the city greeting the morning sun, — one rises to an early breakfast of tea and salt prunes, intended more as a sort of sacrament to purify the soul than as food to nourish the body. After the daily bath and worship at the household shrine of Buddha comes a more substantial meal of bean soup, boiled rice, and pickled radishes; and then the walk to

school (for the child) through the fields and gardens of the walled samurai quarter, a belt of cultivated ground and scattered dwellings drawn close about the castle, and itself enclosed on all sides by the multitudinous roofs of the city. Each house stood in its own rice-fields and vegetable gardens, irrigated by channels drawn from the river, which here came out to the light after a subterranean course through the lower town. The stream circled through the castle moat, gay in summer with the huge pink blossoms of the lotus, and passed out again in the darkness, running under crowded streets and close-packed houses. The citizens were required to show their wooden pass-tickets at the gates before they were permitted to enter the castle precincts.

"At school we were taught to read and write Chinese as well as Japanese; and on cold winter nights, in a big annex to the school building, we practised fencing with bamboo swords and wooden spears, and also wrestling in the Japanese manner, calculated to give strength and suppleness to every portion of the body. In summer we had games of polo, and were taught to shoot with bow and arrow from horseback. In fact, we were trained as though we were still in the Middle Ages."

Here even the heroism of those who went to the Holy Wars was outdone, for during the Crusades there were many too selfish or too timid to mingle in the maddening battle. In Japan, it is safe to say every man, woman, and child performed a part. The soldier who fell by the wayside, overcome by the fatigue of the forced marches, just at the moment his comrades were about to storm the breastworks of the enemy, killed himself to wipe out the stain of his fancied disgrace. Another rose from a bed of sickness to find that his companions had marched to the front without him. To assure the honour of his good name, he, too, committed hara-kiri. A still more striking illustration of this spirit is portrayed by the suicide of a young and beautiful girl, with the brightest of prospects before her, upon learning that the emperor was grieving over the attack of a Japanese fanatic upon the Tsarwitz at Otsu. After first imploring him to cease his sorrowing, since she had given her life, however unworthy, in expiation of the evil deed, she killed herself.

A more realistic representation of the spirit of Satsuma, which still courses in the veins of chivalrous Japan, is the story of Narabara, the patriot. Among those who were instrumental in reinstating the imperial

heir was Shimadzu, a noble of Satsuma. He was greatly benefited in his undertaking by a large number of ronins, who lent their assistance to him in the misguided belief that he would not stop until he had driven the foreigners from the land. Unable to escape himself from this over-zealous band, Shimadzu finally resorted to a most bold movement. Selecting from among his most valiant followers eight skilful swordsmen, he delegated them to meet the obstinate ronins, and convince them of the error of their ways. Nothing more was said, for it was not needed.

KORAKU EN GARDEN, OKAYAMA.

There was not a nobleman in Satsuma who could not depend upon such a body of his retainers as this chosen to confer with the reckless wavemen.

Narabara, the chief of this party, called his followers about him, and, after noting the fact that only expert swordsmen had been named for the important errand, warned his companions that the ronins were first to be shown the error of their way by soft argument, and that only as a final resort were they to depend upon their arms. In this emergency each man was expected to do his duty, an injunction which Narabara was

careful not to mention, knowing well the mettle of his band. Then word was sent to the ronins to meet with them at a certain tea-house to discuss the affairs of the day. Elated over what they were fain to consider a propitious indication, the ronins gathered at the place of rendezvous to a large number. Prompted to think that this movement portended the overthrow of the foreigners, many others joined them.

Narabara and his little band found the wave-men in the midst of a wild carousal, which boded little hope for their plan. But, without losing heart, the leaders of the ronins were called together in a small apartment away from their men. Here the eight retainers of Shimadzu used such arguments as their fertile minds suggested to show the others the mistake they were making, and tried to show them how useless it would be to engage in such a quarrel as they desired. Two hours and over were given to this discussion, until it was found to be in vain to convince the ronins of their error. If Shimadzu would not lead them, they would fight in their own way, having first shown the noble himself the folly of his weakness. They were the more bold to say this on account of the many from Satsuma who were enlisting under their banner. "Shimadzu, forsooth! his recent successes have robbed him of his early valour. Like the bird that fluttered in its native bush, he has grown timid with his years."

Seeing the hopelessness of further argument, Narabara sprang to his feet, and, assuming a dramatic attitude, exclaimed:

"Such talk is treason! Shimadzu's heart is as pure and unchanging as Fuji's peerless self. The day is over when the foreigner can be thus dealt with, as if he were a boy. Strike as you would strike, and darkness will speedily follow the flash of thy sword."

With these words, brave Narabara struck down with his weapon the paper lanterns that hung from the wall nearest him. His comrades, looking to this as a signal for them to act, flung the other lanterns to the ground and trampled upon them, when utter darkness prevailed. The following stirring scene is faithfully described by Mr. E. H. House:

"The swords of all were instantly drawn. The Satsuma leader darted to his corner, proclaiming his name and inviting attacks by loud cries. His seven associates fell on their knees, and, in rigid silence, dealt fatal blows upon all that came within reach of their weapons. The ronins above, warned by the clamour of their chiefs, struggled to descend to their

GARDEN STREET, SHIBA, TOKIO.

aid, but the ladders of communication had been removed. A few sprang from the windows, and mingled blindly and ineffectively in the obscure affray. In less than five minutes from the time that the signal was given, the swords of the Satsuma men passed through the air without resistance. Narabara called to his followers by name, and all but one replied. A light was struck, and its first rays revealed the bodies of eleven ronins, and one of Shimadzu's messengers, stretched lifeless upon the floor.

COUNTRY HOUSE, YOKOHAMA.

"But the end of this extraordinary encounter had not yet come. The scene that followed, though unattended by desperate strife and bloodshed, was even more startlingly dramatic. Yielding suddenly to an inspiration that could have had no prevision in his sober calculations, Narabara, without waiting to apprise his companions of his intentions, cast away his sword, threw off his outer garment to show that he was now defenceless, and, clambering up to the apartment above, flung himself, half naked, among the amazed and excited ronins, and fell upon his hands and knees

with a salutation that was at the same time a gesture of appeal for momentary forbearance. Before they could recover from their surprise, he had rapidly related the whole story of what had occurred below, and begged to be heard in justification. The nearest of those who heard his words sought to destroy him without ceremony, but a young man from Satsuma, who had lately joined the troop, abruptly confronted them, and, placing himself defiantly before the prostrate body, proclaimed that he would protect the unarmed suppliant with his own life until he should

GARDEN LAKE WITH CENTRAL ISLAND.

obtain a hearing. In moments of critical suspense like this, a sudden demonstration of superior boldness is sure to carry all before it. Those who had hastened to avenge their leaders now instinctively yielded, and signified their willingness to listen. Narabara at once declared that he did not mean to plead for himself, and that if, after having received his explanation, they were still determined to pursue their course, his body was at their disposal. He then hastily repeated the arguments he had used below, and said that, although he had failed to convince the chiefs, who were prepared with a regular and carefully contrived plan, his representations should surely have weight with the subordinates, who, left in

ignorance of how to proceed, without commanders of experience or tried ability, and thrown into hopeless confusion at the moment when decision and unanimity were most needed, could not contend against the forces which Shimadzu would be able to array against them. As to what he had done himself, every Japanese samurai knew that it was simply his duty, and the men of Satsuma, above all, would applaud, rather than condemn, him for the fidelity and thoroughness with which he had ful-

JIKWAN CASCADE, NIKKO.

filled his mission. An appeal of this kind, made under circumstances that attested the fearlessness and faith of the speaker, and addressed to an audience composed of soldiers, who, whatever their other errors, had been trained to respect courage and devotion as the highest of human virtues, could not be ineffective. It was, in fact, triumphant. In admiration of his gallantry, Narabara was suffered to go free. In acknowledgment of the force of his reasoning, the ronins admitted the feebleness of their position under the new state of affairs, and pledged themselves to disperse without delay. The ready resolution of Shimadzu, acting through the

strong arm of Narabara and his associates, had cut the knot of disaffection and mutiny at a single blow."

This example of chivalrous loyalty, that pulsates with the heroic spirit of feudalism, is of such modern occurrence that many of the participants are living to-day, and prominent among them the young man who so boldly defied the mob is an official in high position. One of the innumerable illustrations of youthful devotion to love and duty is that of the young son of a samurai, who had become involved in a losing cause, and was hunted for his life. A party of pursuers, coming suddenly upon this boy, as he stood wondering over the headless body of a stranger who had been recently slain near his home, demanded if the man was his father. Knowing his father's peril, anxious to lend such assistance as he could toward his escape, and realising the mistake the daimio had made, he resolved to profit by it. Thus his reply was to catch up the severed head in his arms, and holding it to his breast for a moment, he laid it sacredly down, and quickly committed hara-kiri in the presence of the others. Such evidence was sufficient to convince them that it was useless for them to look farther for the outlawed samurai, who was therefore able to make a successful flight. This young hero's memory has been immortalised in the historic drama and tales of heroic deeds.

The high-spirited romance of Yamato Damashii, or the "Soul of Japan," throbs in every pulse-beat of its history. Hearn, than whom no foreigner is better able to judge, says: "Ask a body of Japanese students their dearest wish, and if you have the confidence of them, nine out of ten will reply, 'To die for our Majesty, the emperor.'"

The name of Yamato Damashii designated five provinces crossed by the Eastern Sea road, sometimes known as Adzuma, and comprised what was popularly considered the most important part of Old Japan. These central provinces in more modern history became entitled *Kuan-to*, but in common with others they have, still more recently, given away to prefectures styled *Ken*. This region above referred to, while containing the richest portion of feudal history, is to-day the finest agricultural district, and has the most populous cities in the empire.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NEW JAPAN.

THIS fidelity to the ruling line we have seen exemplified through the rise and fall of several families of nobles, where clan after clan succeeded in establishing certain régimes of power, but none of whom could, or even dared attempt to usurp the dignity of the imperial heir. The ambitious usurper might, and many times did, degrade the royal office by keeping weaklings and youths in the position, yet every act and utterance was made to appear as if coming from the master in his sacred seclusion. To-day it seems a sort of poetic justice that the descendants of those very feudal lords, whose aim it was to render effeminate the imperial line, received the same treatment at the hands of their successors, the shoguns, so that the term daimio became known as a synonym for fallen greatness. Again we see this undying spirit of devotion to country illustrated in the grace with which the powerful heads of the four ruling clans yielded up their vast estates to the imperial family, when at last it came again to the front rank of government. Where, in all the memorials of the nations, is to be found a more remarkable document than the following, dated March 5, 1869:

"Since the heavenly ancestors established the foundations of the country, the imperial line has not failed for ten thousand ages. The heaven and earth (Japan) are the emperor's. There is no man who is not his retainer. . . . In ancient time the imperial wisdom ruled all, and there was prosperity under heaven. In the Middle Ages the ropes of the net were relaxed, so that men, toying with the Great Strength and striving for power, crowded upon the emperor and stole his land. . . . Thus it was that the emperor wore an empty and vain rank, and, the order of things being reversed, looked up to the *bakufu* (government of the shogun) as the dispenser of joy and sorrow. . . . Now the great government has been newly restored, and the emperor himself undertakes the direction of affairs. This is indeed a rare and mighty event. We have the name

of an imperial government; we must also have the fact. Our first duty is to illustrate our faithfulness and to prove our loyalty. . . . The place where we live is the emperor's land, and the food we eat is grown by the emperor's men. Let the imperial orders be issued for the altering and remodelling the territories of the various clans. . . . Let the civil and penal codes and military laws all proceed from the emperor. Let all the affairs of the empire, great and small, be referred to him; and then will

ARTIFICIAL RIVER SCENERY IN A JAPANESE PARK.

the empire be able to take its place side by side with the other nations of the world. This is now the most urgent duty of the emperor, as it is that of his servants and children. Hence it is that we, daring to offer up our humble expression of loyalty, upon which we pray that the brilliance of the heavenly sun may shine, with fear and reverence bow the head and do homage, ready to lay down our lives in proof of our faith."[1]

This unprecedented act was followed within a month by similar deeds, and, in the end, 241 out of the 276 clans voluntarily restored their fiefs.

[1] "History of Japan," Adams, vol. ii. p. 181.

The possessions long since gained by meritorious service and hard fighting — the treasures of feudal Japan — were given over to the sovereign of the country without the lifting of an arm or the murmuring of a lip. Surely no nobler heritage was ever vouchsafed a nation than that won by Japan after centuries of trial in the crucible of war.

Now that the emperor had stepped from behind the curtain of mystery which had concealed his line so long, he was found to be of more impor-

HAKONE.

tance than had been anticipated. As a god, he had upheld a very second-rate sort of prestige; as a man, the mortal ruler of an empire, he soon proved himself a success. Strong indeed must have been the vitality of that race, which could send forth from environments of enervating disquietude and the hotbed of sensual delights that tend to degrade the human powers, one robbed of his fictitious divinity, yet retaining to a remarkable degree the true divinity of man. A mere youth at the time, he is described at one of the first public appearances, when he went before the Imperial College at Tokyo, as dressed "in flowing robes of crimson and white satin,

with a black cap or crown, bound by a fillet of fluted gold, with a tall, upright plume or stiff ribbon of gold." Only a short time later, he presents a striking contrast to this by appearing at the dedication of an annex to the college wearing a European costume throughout. But this was simply one of the minor changes, if more readily observed than many others, from the old to the new, — from feudal to progressive Japan.

In the month of June, 1872, the emperor, for the first time in twelve hundred years, left the imperial palace to make a tour of his domains. For the first time the people looked upon their ruler unveiled, and moving among them like an ordinary citizen. Everywhere they cheered and breathed more easily. Emperor Mutsuhito made a tour of Kyushu, visiting Nagasaki, Kagashima, and, on his homeward journey, Osaka, Kobé, Kyoto, and Nara, received all along the route with wild enthusiasm. He ended this glorious expedition on the 16th of August by riding from Kyoto to Yokohama by rail, which followed almost identically the route of the old Tokaido, over which had moved in the centuries past the long trains of ancient Japan.

The road had not been formally opened, but work had been rushed forward upon the line, that the emperor might thus complete his journey in a manner most in keeping with its spirit. Two months later, on one of the fairest days that the Land of the Sunrise dispenses in that most glorious month of the year, October, occurred the event which made it a red-letter day in the history of progressive Japan, and marked, in a double sense, one of the milestones in its modern journey. On the 14th, ere its matchless autumnal beauty had been revealed by the lifting of the morning veil, and ere old Fuji had donned her crimson cap over her locks of silvery purity, an anxious, curious, wondering gathering of the common masses began to surround the stone depot at the eastern terminus of this route of modern travel. One and all came to look upon a scene the like of which none had ever witnessed, and which none understood. A little later, another element began to be represented among the spectators. This contained representatives of feudal wars, early literature, art and science, daimios, and samurais, the corps of foreign diplomats, — the first in flowing fanciful garbs, the latter in close-fitting dress of a golden texture, — Ainu chiefs, bearded and habited in the picturesque dress of the north; these were succeeded by the train of nobles of the im-

DAIBUTSU BRONZE IMAGE AT KAMAKURA.

perial court, princes, and, last but not least, the emperor. As this proud retinue passed under the archway of azaleas and chrysanthemums, the spectators broke the respectful silence by shouts, not wild and disordered, but long, deep, and sincere. At this juncture, the music began. Amid this sublime scene, the emperor, the 123d in his line, counting direct from the Prince of High Heaven, stepped on board the railway-coach. Silence then fell on the magnificent scene, as if one and all were spellbound at the act

TEA LEAF SELECTING.

to follow, when the signal to start was given. Thereupon was played the national hymn of Japan, which had been wafted on the breeze of the Far East in the palmy days of the Roman Empire, and during the eventful reign of Charlemagne; outliving the glory of these, to witness the rise of Britain's "God Save the Queen," and the "Star-Spangled Banner" of the great Republic of the West. The strains of this ancient song, which blended so perfectly the past with the present, softened the grumbling and rumbling of the revolving wheels, that bore the imperial retinue

down the glistening rails to conquests undreamed of in the triumphs of feudalism.

As the train wound on its triumphal way, a cannonade from the foreign war-ships lying off Kanagawa announced to the world that Japan had taken its place among the nations of modern progress. Then came the noblest feature of that proud day. As the emperor came forth from the car, to announce in formal terms that Japan had a railway, four of

ROCK-BORDERED LAKE, NIIGATA.

his subjects, in the plain garb of merchants, approached the happy monarch and delivered an address of congratulation. This was the most happy and fitting exercise of the day. At last, within the memory of the day when the grand edict had gone forth that the eta was no longer a despised creature of the soil, an utterance equalled only by the emancipation proclamation of a Lincoln or an Alexander, it was proclaimed that the merchant had been lifted to the broad plane of the lord. This fact, more than the opening of its first railway, proclaimed that Japan had found the true

highway of prestige and commercial greatness. From that hour when the mikado had deigned to meet, face to face, the merchant, when the two extremes had truly met on common ground, Japan found, not only a railway, but a new order of commercial interest. In the light of that day's achievement, the glory of the Fujiwara and the Hojo stood out or the background of history like a shadow.

April 3, 1872, one of the most disastrous fires in its overrunning rec ords of conflagrations had swept over Tokyo, laying in ashes five thousand houses, hundreds of yashikis and temples, the numerous foreign hotels, and many other valuable buildings, and, at this very time, the distressed capital was building upon the ruins, not a second camp of militarism, but a city of modern forms and ideas. The narrow streets were widened, those of the most importance being made ninety feet in width, while others were made sixty. In place of the old wooden buildings rose substantial structures of brick and stone, while wooden bridges were replaced by those of iron and stone. Thus was verified the old saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The same year, which witnessed the breaking of the shackles of centuries of prejudice, saw another step taken in the way of human progress and modern civilisation. The Japanese have always been opposed to slavery; the doctrines of their religion — or call it paganism, if you will — never held up the human being as a chattel. Thus, when the traffic known as the "coolie trade" began on their shores, the government immediately assumed a firm attitude against it. It had seen China, also against its wishes, allow, year after year, men and women to be decoyed from their homes to be taken abroad to Cuba, Peru, and Hawaii, where they were sold, as so many cattle, into slavery or to a life of greater degradation. But China had not dared to lift its voice in defiance. In 1872 the Peruvian ship *Maria Luz,* loaded with coolie "passengers," dared to put in at Yokohoma on its trip around the world. Two of the unfortunate men escaped by swimming to an English war-ship lying in the harbour. Upon listening to their piteous story, the British official communicated the situation to the Japanese officers, asking them if they intended to countenance such illegal traffic on their shores. Although a pagan empire, Japan was not slow to begin inquiries, and, as a result, the coolies were sent ashore. The Japanese refused to send them on board the

Maria Luz, and instead shipped them back to China. The latter empire showed its high appreciation of the daring and courtesy of its neighbour by rallying enough to stop the miserable trade on her shores. In this way the seizure of coolies came to be abolished, and the barracoons at Macao fell into disuse. Singularly enough, this glad victory of the powers of the Far East, let it be said to the shame of the others, was accomplished in face of the protests, not only of the interested parties, but of

AN ARTIFICIAL ROCKERY.

the remaining foreign consuls, with the exception of the American and British officials, who favoured them in their steadfast purpose.

A few years before, when the first cargoes of Japanese had been taken to Hawaii, really as slaves, and were actually sold at a low sum, the officials quickly took the matter in hand, and, as a result, every man was redeemed, the government paying his passage home. Since then this matter has been regulated by the government, and no subject of the emperor goes into another country who does not go as a free man.

In 1872, which proves to have been an important period in the history of New Japan, Corea became incensed at the attitude the empire had taken toward foreigners, and boldly declared that it had become a "suckling of barbarians." The peculiar spirit of the Coreans is shown by the following message sent to Tokyo in July:

"Our Corea, if a small country, is yet inhabited by a people who have the courage to tell you in writing that the Western barbarians are beasts. Having made them your allies, we tell this to your face, that you are no better than they. That you may know the manner of light in which we look upon this, we wish you might join hands with them, and meet us with your great ships-of-war and vast armies. We defy you! The nearest port to Japan of Corea is Fusan. We will send some of our men to clear a space there large enough for a battle-ground, and will arrange for a battle with you in a manner that shall not be expensive to you. We will listen to no correspondence, nor accept any apologies. Our only condition is war — war of extermination for the soldiers of Japan. You need not delay to write. It is useless. If you have not the courage to invade Corea, after all we have said, then Corea will invade Japan, when the days of the empire will be few."

Surely here was bravado of the most pronounced type, without any pretence to discretion! Although Japan had apparently turned from the ways of war to the paths of finance, the Satsuma spirit still lingered in the breasts of many who were ill pleased with the situation. This insult from Corea gave this element the long-desired excuse "to break from shackles," and war was immediately declared against the peninsula, which, during the Tokugawa dynasty, had been a vassal of Japan.

In the midst of this warlike preparation another affair occurred which still further aroused the old spirit of the Japanese. A junk was driven on the shore of Formosa in a storm, and the crew falling into the power of the inhabitants of the island, it was claimed, with very good proof, that the men had become food for the cannibals. This coast had long been a terror to the trading vessels of all countries, and the predatory chastisements inflicted on the savages having failed to make any lasting impression, Japan now resolved to seize the country along the shore, to keep the wild tribes under subjection. It was also proposed to erect and maintain lighthouses along the shore at the most dangerous points. It

was a humane purpose. China, who once had claimed the island as belonging to that empire, had not pretended to hold it for years. In fact, it had been omitted from their maps for over a century. Thus Japan did not consider that she was throwing down a gauntlet of war to China in deciding upon her course of action. But to act courteously in the matter, she sent an ambassador to the celestial court, who for the first time appeared before that august body in the conventional black dress coat, pantaloons, and white neck linen of the Occidental world,

SCENE ON KISO RIVER.

very much to the amazement of the others. China there claimed no interest in eastern Formosa, and gladly granted the Japanese the privilege of attempting control over the uncivilised inhabitants. While this was taking place, the Formosans gave Japan further cause for punishing them by seizing a Japanese junk, and maltreating its crew.

By this time an expedition against the savages had been completed, and the troops, under command of the famous Satsuma chief, General Saigo, were started on their way to the island. Upon reaching Formosa, it was found that the task in hand was no slight one. The island held many difficult cliffs to scale, and still worse jungles to penetrate. In the

midst of these dense forests of banyan-trees and brushwood the inhabitants had built mazes of barricades until it seemed impossible to reach those entrenched behind them. But the Japanese set about their task with commendable spirit, advancing with as much rapidity as possible into the country fairly alive with savage enemies. To the credit of the Japanese leader, he ordered his men to avoid mutilating the bodies of the slain, and under no circumstances to behead their victims, as the

A HOT SPRING.

Formosans were doing. First of all, he sought to find the tribe that had been guilty of the atrocities of the year before.

But no sooner was one dangerous step accomplished, than the Japanese found themselves involved in the still deeper intricacies of a wilderness that seemed without limit. In their distressing advance they were forced to seek encampment on a cliff too barren of earth to afford a growth, and where neither food nor water could be obtained. In the midst of this trying warfare with an enemy harder to reach than to overcome when found, China awoke to a realisation of the purpose of Japan, and sent at once two ships to treat with General Saigo, to have him withdraw his army. If this was refused, they were to offer to join in the undertaking.

Count Saigo, with true Satsuma spirit, listened to neither proposition, simply referring the Chinese commissioners to the government at Tokyo, and resumed his fighting.

This he followed up with a vigour which soon overcame the tribe of Formosans he had desired to chastise, and the others at once agreed to terms of peace. Nor did Japan stop here, but immediately began to carry out her plans in full. She set about building roads, opening up the

NAGASAKI HARBOUR.

interior of the island, and constructing fortifications and carrying on engineering after modern ideas. Japan did this in the interest of the world, — of humanity, — without asking or expecting any outside assistance, or the securing of any direct and immediate gain. But no sooner was the work well begun, than the sleeping giant on the continent, encouraged by outsiders, began to assert that Japan had encroached on its territory, — that all Japanese in Formosa were intruders. If war with an empire ten times her size threatened her, Japan did not lose confidence in her ability to hold her own with China. Destined to fight over this

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

same ground twenty years later, she did not waver now. She sent one of her ablest diplomats, Count Okubo, to Pekin. So well did he plead the cause of his government before the Chinese potentates that China finally agreed to pay Japan seven hundred thousand dollars for a restoration of her doubtful rights to Formosa. So Formosa came into the possession of China after Japan had purged it at a cost of five million dollars, and, what was far dearer, the lives of a thousand valiant sons, whose graves are under the camphor-trees on the slopes of the templed hills of Nagasaki.

The affair with Corea ended more quietly. Japan sent an army under Gen. Kuroda Kiyotaka, who skilfully managed to settle matters without bloodshed, notwithstanding the bluster of the Coreans at the outset. Japan's ambassador at Pekin, his position strengthened by this armed force in Corean waters, succeeded in obtaining a treaty of peace between the two countries on the 27th of February, 1876. In this way Japan led the "hermit nation" out into the light of the world. In 1878 the United States followed the suit of Japan, and four years later saluted the flag of Corea off a little fishing-hamlet, which has since become the noted seaport of Chemulpo.

While Japan was carrying on these wars, she was not idle at home. The watchword everywhere was progress. The standard of public morality was raised, and schools were established. Steps were taken to atone for the misdeeds done under mistaken conceptions against Christians in the past. The unfortunate victims of 1868 and 1869, who had been torn from their homes and families, to be banished to the provinces of Echizen and Kaga, were released and restored to their native abodes. In our tour of the islands, we have seen something of the harvest being reaped from the seed sown during these and the following years of the Meeji.

During Japan's busy time with Formosa, in 1874, Russia acquired Saghalien, and established there a penal colony, but in 1905 the lower half was reconquered by Japan.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MEN OF THE TIMES.

FROM time to time strong reverses have been marked in the policy of Japan toward foreign intercourse. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Japanese were famous far and wide as "lords of the sea." Foreigners were then welcomed to their ports with open arms, and it seemed not improbable that the people of Dai Nippon would girdle the globe with their ships. All this suddenly changed. In less than a century the last bit of Japanese sailcloth had vanished from the open main. Every port was closed to other sailors. At home, one who was bold enough to hint of alien ideas was sure to invoke upon himself death or severe punishment. An attempt even to leave the island empire was punishable with beheading. Not a ship was built for over a hundred years.

Foreign writers have ascribed several reasons for this severe seclusion, some of them getting far from the truth. It was not because Japan despised foreign trade, as small as had been her share in the profits so far; neither was it a desire to avoid association with other races. The Japanese were too good scholars to wish to escape the knowledge that might come to them from others, even their enemies. A strictly religious race, according to the tenets of their belief, the Japanese felt an inherent dread of the Christianity that began to sweep over the empire. It was to exclude this, to retain inviolate her temples and shrines from the desecration of foreigners, that Japan entered upon hermit life. It is well to understand this, though a full appreciation of her self-imposed sacrifice cannot be understood by another. We get a hint of the situation from the fact that the word "foreigner," as it is now used, was then unknown. The stranger was termed *bateren*, equivalent to priest, or *padre*. The common people, in truth many of the nobility, were prone to look upon the coming of the Christian propagandists as an act of aggression. Foreign intercourse was believed to mean simply a seeking after their

religious rights, a meddling with the sacred prerogatives of the emperor, and a taking away of the liberty of the people, who had been favoured with the independence of the gods. When we fully understand this, we are partially prepared to comprehend the patriotic self-sacrifice the Japanese followed, in order to protect themselves, and that divine right to worship according to the dictates of their own hearts, from the contamination of intruders, while saving their country from the vandalism

VIEW OF MYENO PARK, TOKYO.

of religious teachers more earnest than broad-minded. Thus it was not anti-foreign, but anti-Christian, spirit which closed the gates of Japan to the stranger from the Occident. It is true, Christianity opened those gates once, but the same gloved hand was the means of closing them later on. The explanation is easy to find, and not difficult to understand.

There was one exception to this exclusion of foreigners, which should not be overlooked. The Dutch alone were exempted from this complete outlawry. But they were restricted to landing at the small island of

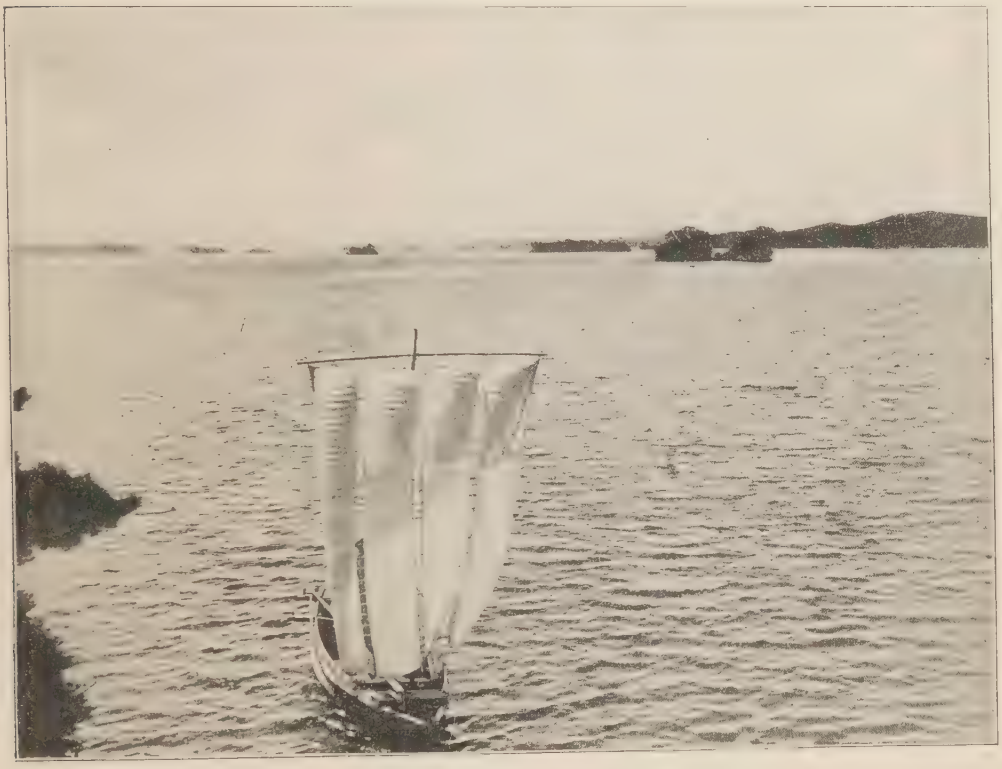
Deshima. Here they were allowed to send annually two ships, for a century or more, and were then reduced to only one each year. But from this slight favour the Dutch reaped a rich harvest. Owing both to the unappreciated value of gold, silver, and copper, and also to an ignorance, on the part of the common people, of the worth of foreign goods, the traders from the Netherlands are supposed from the beginning of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, a period of two hundred and fifty years, to have brought away from the empire gold to the amount of two hundred million dollars. Better would it have been for Japan to have closed its last gate against this foreign miser. This privilege of robbery was retained by rigidly letting alone the religious rights of their victims.

In the regeneration of Japan, as might have been expected, the Satsuma element, which was foremost in reinstating the imperial sovereignty, was the last to enter into the modern spirit of progression. The education of the leaders of this powerful clan was that of the days of feudalism, tempered with the animation of revenge over downfalls and humiliations laid upon them in the ascendency of the shoguns. Loyalty to the emperor, fidelity to the chiefs, and hatred to foreign "barbarians," were the ruling stars of this warlike league. The virtues of the era of Great Peace spread not its sunlight, nor the vices of the Dark Age, its shadow, over their pathway.

The ablest man among them, beyond doubt, was Saigo, under favouring environments a Nobunaga, or possibly a Hideyoshi, but placed a thousand years in advance of his ideas of government. In his proper time, it is not too much to say that the ministers of state — ay, the emperor even — might have bowed to his iron will, and the sword have held dominion everywhere. The age and the altered conditions of affairs were against him. He had to content himself with retiring to Kagoshima, and founding a military school for the representative youths of Satsuma.

The favourite saying of this clan, and one such as Saigo was careful should not be forgotten, was this: "The eagle may be starved, but he cannot be made to eat grain." In the light of such an example of stubborn persistency, it became the current belief that this modern government, with its foreign tendency and leaning away from the sword, was afraid of Satsuma. Saigo and his followers would yet rise at the head, and restore

the "good old times." Colour was given this belief by the fact that this federation held control of powder-mills, run by improved methods. Under a slight covering of artifice, the clan went on consolidating, arming, and gathering new strength. The dream of Saigo might have been fulfilled, and the prophecy of faint hearts have come true, had not the government



VIEW OF MATSUSHIMA.

proved itself more alert and stronger than had been anticipated in treating with these rebels.

Instead of waiting for this discontented clan to prepare fully for open combat, the imperial army, recruited hastily and mainly from peasants unused to warfare, marched against the tried soldiery of Satsuma, where even the women fought, as in the brave days of old. It was the last spark from the brand of ancient wars, and the lookers-on held their breath in dread for the result. Saigo and his faithful companions, Kirino and Murata, both worthy of his trust, at the head of less than four hundred warriors, armed only with swords, stood boldly up before twelve thousand

of the imperial troops, with their rifles, mortars, and cannon. Only one in four of the hardy defenders of the ancient clan survived, and three out of one quartette were Saigo, Kirino, Murata. Many died by hara-kiri. Saigo was beheaded by a friend, that he might die as befitted a true defender of Yamato Damashii. The majority perished in this manner. It seemed like a mockery of fate that, in this final struggle, not a soldier of the army of the emperor fell. It is very doubtful if another rebellion of this kind occurs, for what "Saigo could not do, no imitator will attempt." It cost Japan ten thousand lives, to say nothing of the suffering and the loss of limbs, and fifty millions of dollars, to end at last the feud of centuries.

Among the prominent figures in modern or progressive Japan, and directly opposed to the belated Saigo, none deserve a higher place in history than Kido, who has been styled respectively "the brain and pen of the revolution," "the finest intellect," "the great reformer." He sincerely believed in the divine right of the emperor to rule; he was a zealous advocate of peace, and opposed the wars against Corea and Formosa. He was one of the most ardent supporters of the press, and was the founder of several newspapers. To a rare political ability he joined the honest enthusiasm of a patriot and a statesman. He did as much or more than any other man toward bringing about reforms in taxation and economy in the management of the government. In 1875 he caused to be convened the House of Elders, which corresponds very closely to our Senate, and he brought about an assembly of Ken (districts) governors. This was the first real fulfilment of the emperor's promise to establish an assembly of legislators. But the only session of this senate was that held in 1875. A protracted absence of the emperor from the capital the following year, and the breaking out of the war with the Satsumas soon after afforded excuses for not calling the body together. Kido was an indefatigable worker, and he broke down a strong constitution to maintain peace and prosperity for his country. He died at the zenith of his glory, when he was never needed more to help carry his government over the shallows of a civil war, which came soon after his death at Kyoto, May 27, 1877.

Kido's political rival was Okubo, who believed as sincerely in the importation of foreign ideas as he did in the higher possibilities of modern

Japan, while Saigo, as has been shown, represented the military spirit and genius of Old Japan, the Dai Nippon of the Fujiwara and Iyeyasu. The third, but not least, of this great triumvirate met his fate at the hand of an assassin, while riding along the avenue leading to the imperial palace on the afternoon of May 14, 1878, within a year of the death of his illustrious rivals, Kido and Saigo. Though differing materially in his methods, this man was as much a patriot as Kido. His greatest shortcoming, if

VIEW OF YOKOHAMA HARBOUR.

overzeal in a cause can be called such, was his expectation to reform his country in one lifetime. If there was a man to do that, it was Okubo, whose courage of conviction was matched by his swiftness of thought and action. He saw and comprehended at a glance what others failed to understand after a long time. He never lost an opportunity to act in behalf of his people. He saw the situation as no other man of his time saw it, and he realised, as even the wise Kido did not, the importance of foreign assimilation. In his eagerness to press his country on, he favoured a strong government, in which Kido took issue with him. Okubo was

charged with avoiding public discussion, and of encouraging personal government. His last public utterance was to the effect that High Heaven would guard him from harm so long as his work was pleasant in its sight. Were his course mistaken, no power could save him. His words went on record as a prophecy, when, within twenty-four hours, he lay in silent state with the mark of the murderer on his breast. His funeral was the most imposing ever witnessed in Tokyo, and his sons were raised to the rank of

KANASAWA.

nobility by the emperor. He has been described as having "a tall, arrowy form, luxuriant side-whiskers, large, expressive eyes, and eager, expectant bearing, which gave him the appearance of a European rather than an Asiatic." He visited America in 1874, that he might the better inform himself in regard to the methods of foreign government. His erect figure, piercing black eyes, and handsome countenance, made him conspicuous wherever he went.

Another figure, stalwart in the affairs of the time, who stands out among the leaders of the era known as the Meeji, or Great Peace, is that

Writing a Letter

of Iwakura, a descendant of the Minamoto family. Like Kido and Okubo, he had been educated to oppose the system of government originally established at Yedo, but had many ideas antagonistic to them, though striving for the same grand result. He was born at Kyoto, in 1825, and was a personal assistant to the emperor at twenty. At thirty-six he was banished on account of his opposition to the marriage of a princess of the imperial house to a member of the Tokugawa. But somehow he reappeared upon the scene of action at the time of the revolution, foremost among the leaders of the movement. He became an intimate adviser to the emperor, which important position he held until his death in 1883, at the height of power and honours. To him, perhaps, more than to any other man, the young ruler was under obligation for that counsel which enabled him to guide so safely the course of the untried government. The emperor paid him this compliment: "Under the favour of the gods, it is to you we owe the prosperity of the government." This was not flattery, but well-deserved truth. Absolutely without fear of the consequence to himself, this son of noble lineage urged forward by word and action the transformation of the old forms into the new. He was correctly estimated by the sobriquet bestowed upon him by the masses, "the rock-throne." Naturally a man in his position would call upon himself many bitter enemies, and several attempts were made upon his life, all of which he escaped, dying of an inherited disease in the prime of life. He was buried with profound sorrow.

This was a period when many of the old school of leaders laid aside their cares and responsibilities, which were to be assumed by men from the lower walks of life. With the demise of these imperial leaders, the old court party collapsed, and successors who had received much of their education abroad, among them Ito, Inouye, Mori, and Entimoto, took up the reins of government. This tended to bring the emperor nearer to his subject, and to lift up the lower classes.

Foremost among the new representative leaders is Count Ito, the framer of Japan's Constitution, which is looked upon with pardonable pride by the Japanese as the only document of the kind in the history of nations which was not obtained at the price of blood. This statesman and legislator had a very vivid experience before he won his civil battle, however. In his search for outside knowledge, he and another of national reputation,

a second Saigo, were forced to leave their native land as sailors before the mast. In the autumn of 1862 they reached England, not only unknown, but friendless and penniless. This companion of Count Ito's in that same year was one of a little band of faithful men, who were so hard-pressed by their enemies as to be obliged to give to the torch the new building designed for the British legation in Tokyo. He afterward became Minister of Finance. It had been only the year before that Marquis Saigo had

HAKONE LAKE.

been obliged to defend himself and a few companions, in their anti-foreign crusade, at the point of the sword in the second story of a little inn standing in a suburb of the capital. Yet another figured prominently in a killing affair on the Tokaido, which resulted in the death of a foreigner and the bombardment of Kigoshima by a British ship soon after. The term "blood and iron" has most appropriately been applied to the stirring times that witnessed the passage of the old government, and the men who paved the way for New Japan were men of iron will as well as of far-seeing minds.

The spirit underlying the feeling aroused against these liberals was illustrated by the attack made on Count Okuma during the revision of the treaty with Great Britain in 1889. The count had boldly offered terms, which were looked upon with grave suspicion by certain of his countrymen. It was known that the lives of the leaders of the party were in danger, so the government furnished a body-guard of jinrikisha men, but kept them at too great a distance to be of defence to their man.

FEEDING SILKWORMS.

Count Okuma, fearless for himself, disliked this course, believing, and correctly, that it would serve to draw attention to an official without affording him any real protection. He was minister of foreign affairs at the time, and returning one afternoon from a Cabinet council, he was met by a well-dressed young man just as his carriage was turning into the private way leading to his residence. This stranger rushed forward and flung a packet toward the vehicle. On the alert for such attacks, the coachman whipped up the horse, and the bomb, for such it proved to be,

exploded without doing the harm intended. Still, some of the splintered carriage struck the count on the knee, inflicting a wound which necessitated the amputation of the limb above the joint. Immediately after making his attack, which he no doubt thought had been successful, the assailant cut his throat, thus meting out to himself what was considered good Japanese justice. The cause for this act was the willingness on the part of Count Okuma to allow foreign judges to remain in Japanese courts during the period that Japan was undergoing the ordeal of administering laws of which she in all consistency must be largely ignorant. The would-be assassin, who was of the poorer class, had been stimulated to the deed from reading the accounts of the meetings of the Cabinet in the papers. The hopeful tendency of the time was shown by the general disapproval accorded the act by the public.

The prevalence of so many high-sounding titles must not fill the reader's mind with visions of ancient nobility, or families of long-standing renown. In truth, the wearers of such lordly significations as "marquis," "count," or "viscount," held a patent that was very modern, and in the West would have been simply known as Mr. Ito, Mr. Okuma, and so on, through the list of brilliant patriots that arose out of the mysticism of the past and laid on the brow of the empire a crown of more modern pattern. Yet these gallant men gave no discredit to their titles, but won for their country a place among the nations of the earth, and names for themselves greater than the mere title of an inherited peerage.

For nearly a quarter of a century Japan was agitated by the constant movement of three branches of advanced thought, all new to the working-forces of the country, viz.: the press, the lecture, and the yet greater means of agitation, public debate. Finally the emperor yielded to the growing demand to fulfil his obligation made in 1868, and on the 12th of October, 1881, he issued his famous proclamation declaring that the parliament long promised should be established, and that in 1890 a constitutional form of government should be organised.

A representative man, in a line that led him far away from the legislative halls, who was famous at this period, was the artist, Kyosai, whose entire life was completely absorbed by his divine genius. At the early age of three he was drawing faithful pictures of the frogs that hopped in the pools near his home; at seven he was haunting the lowest quarters of

the city, that he might catch a glimpse of some unusual and distinctive feature of life among the lowly; two years later he was studying in secret at home the head of a man, which he had caught from the river as it rushed on with its ghastly burden, that he might convey to paper its image. The intensity with which he worked over a picture is described by an incident of a fire at which he was present when a young man. Among the property taken from a shop was a large number of cages of

JAPANESE JUNK IN TADOTSU BAY.

birds, which had been on sale. Finding, at last, that he could not save his birds, the owner humanely opened their prison doors and let them seek their freedom. The frightened creatures arose in a perfect cloud, but, instead of seeking safety, flew straight toward the raging flames. The red tongues of the conflagration, the dark borders of smoke, and the bright and gorgeous plumage of the birds, made a magnificent spectacle; but to Kyosai the many-hued birds made the prettiest part of the uncommon sight. In a moment his pencil was flying rapidly over a sheet of paper,

and unmindful of the sparks falling about him, of the increasing heat of the fire, and the peril he was incurring, the youthful artist sketched on, until his friends rescued him at the very moment when he must have perished but for their timely succour.

It was the leading trait of a Japanese artist not to paint many pictures, as the commonness of one's work tended to detract from its value. Kyosai was true to this instinct, and his gems of art are not as numerous as his

HAKONE WATERFALL.

admirers would like. It was very seldom that any one could obtain one of his drawings, and it is related that advantage of the artist's weakness in another direction used to be improved to get a sketch from him. This would be done by inviting him to dinner, and over the wine that followed, — the artist delighted to humour his taste in this direction, — his host would declare that he felt like exhibiting his artistic ability. The material would then be ordered. Spreading the huge sheet of white paper on the floor, and arranging his brushes and India ink, the impromptu artist would

begin his work. It being nothing unusual for one to do this, Kyosai did not seem to realise the net being prepared for him. Thus, as he watched the rude efforts of his host, who appeared to be absorbed in his pleasant task, he would grow nervous and his usual good nature would receive a severe shock. Finally, unable to witness such slight upon his noble calling longer in silence, he would exclaim, "Stop such bungling! I will teach you what it means to draw." Seizing the brush from the other's

MITO PARK.

not unwilling hand, he would quickly produce a sketch that his crafty entertainer would retain as a valuable memento.

Sometimes the desire to paint would amount to a frenzy, when he would seize upon an opportunity to convey to paper some scene of startling character, and under circumstances most unfavourable. A lady of high rank was once greatly offended by being followed by him, whom she did not recognise, into her chamber. Calling for help, she demanded that he be punished for his offence. When Kyosai suddenly became aware of the

awkward situation he was in, he explained that he had followed her simply that he might sketch her obi, which was of a most novel and fantastic pattern, while she was running away from him. She was only too happy to pay him an enormous amount for his sketch.

Though he received large sums for his work, he gave it nearly all to the poor. He could bear to see no one suffer while he had a crumb to give. At one time he was stopping at one of those pretty little wayside inns so common in Japan, and called there tea-houses, which was kept by a poor widow. On that day she was feeling especially unhappy, having just been ordered to give up the house for an old debt. No sooner had she told this than the artist began to cover the stainless paper walls with grotesque figures and strange images. Alarmed at the disfiguration of her house, the frightened woman begged him to stop, and finding her protestations useless, she called upon others to take the madman away. But her entire demeanour changed at the whispered utterance of the name "Kyosai," and her joy knew no bounds as she saw him cover with his matchless brush not only walls but ceiling. She realised enough from the sale of those walls to pay all her debts and leave her a comfortable sum besides.

These are but a few of the many stories told of this gifted artist, who died recently, rich in his immortality. His art remained his ruling passion until the very last. When he was so wasted with disease that he could no longer stand alone, he amused himself, as he lay on his couch, by drawing the shadow of his thin, emaciated figure on the spotless wall. Finishing this, he bade farewell to his wife in a husky voice, gave direction to his picture-mounter in regard to mounting his last picture, and then fell asleep with the brush in his hand.

KARAHASHI BIWA LAKE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WAR WITH CHINA.

THOUGH the long career of Japan had been but a succession of wars, she had really never shown to the outside powers anything like a proof of her prowess, until the struggle with China at last won for her honourable distinction among the nations of the world. The bone of contention was Corea. At least the condition of affairs in the peninsula led to the crisis. The safety of Japanese in this country called for some decided action by the island empire, and feeling that the time had come for it to assert its rights in that direction, Japan prepared for the inevitable. But Japan was not unmindful of the treaty existing between herself and China, so that the latter country was invited to join in some scheme which would redound to the good of all concerned. The Middle Kingdom readily agreed to this, and furthermore not to send armed troops into Corea without notifying the emperor of such action. In spite of this pledge, in fact while she was making it, China raised armed men to send to the peninsula. Aware of the desire of the Chinese to outdo them in Corea, and to bring the Hermit Nation under their allegiance, the ministry at Tokyo informed the other that any further action of this kind would be considered unfriendly, and a sufficient cause for declaring war.

China continued to display her stupidity or wilfulness by ignoring the well-meant caution. Nor did she stop here, but one of her men-of-war attempted to destroy a Japanese trading-vessel, thus firing the first shot of the war. At this time China was sending troops to Corea on a ship bearing British colours, and commanded by an Englishman. In an engagement which followed the opening of hostilities, the Japanese vessel *Naniwa* poured upon this suspicious transport such a galling fire that the captain ran up the flag of distress. The Chinese on board would not heed the offer to surrender, and returning the shots of the enemy, tried to escape. But the Japanese were too clever for them, and the Chinese were obliged to jump into the sea and swim for their lives, while the English gave them-

selves up to the mercy of the victors. Fortunately all of them were saved by the Japanese, though it looked as though serious complications might arise out of the affair. Japan, however, promptly compensated the sufferers, and did all that could be done to atone for a matter in which they were really not to blame.

There is no doubt but China, or at least a portion of the empire strong enough to foment a quarrel, thrust this war upon Japan. China was not

MISSISSIPPI BAY, YOKOHAMA.

united under one absolute power, but viceroys at Pekin, who hovered around the imperial figure, had sufficient influence to inaugurate this move. One of these, Li Hung Chang, ambitious to develop the resources of his country and thus outstrip Western aggression, favoured this end. On the other hand, if China threw the gauntlet at the feet of Japan, the latter very readily picked it up. She felt that she had plenty of cause to take up the quarrel. She had torn down the barrier concealing the Hermit Nation from the world, and had ample reason to look after its interest, as that interest was identical with her own. Again, she had more selfish

motives. Her politicians and statesmen had increased in number and power at such a rate that there was need of some foreign attraction like a war to draw the attention of the masses away from the danger at home. In the second instance, her population had increased so rapidly that foreign colonisation in the near future seemed imperative. And still again, as has been hinted, Japan was not unwilling to show to the world that she had not lost her warlike qualities during the quarter of a century of peace. Knowing her own strength, and confident in it, the time seemed auspicious for putting it to proof.

Underlying this surface talk and feeling lay the unalienable right of a people to change its manner of civilisation. That was really what the alternative meant, offered by Japan to China on the 12th of June, 1894. If China understood this, she blinded herself to the fact. On the battle-field at home Japan had suffered this contest of the Old and the New. Now this struggle must be repeated on foreign soil.

China succeeded in landing about three thousand soldiers at the port of A-San, a strongly fortified camp situated on a peninsula formed by two rivers, and about forty miles from Seoul, the capital of Corea. Large bodies of armed men were marched into Corea from the north by China. Japan also was not idle, but sent troops by ship to the coast. The rival forces met in a skirmish at A-San, which resulted in the complete rout of the Chinese.

The remnant of this shattered body of soldiery managed by a difficult march to join the "flower of the army of China" at Ping-Yang just before the middle of September, and in season to mingle in the disastrous battle of the 15th, when the pride of the Middle Kingdom was scattered by the masterly manœuvres of Marshal Yamagata and his gallant troops, like leaves wind-driven after an autumn frost. Ping-Yang was historic ground, it having been the scene of a victory by a Ming and Tartar host over Konishi, the Japanese leader, three centuries before. This time history repeated itself by reversing the order of victory, and gave the triumph to the soldiers of Dai Nippon.

Many deeds of personal valour are told of this battle, but that which won highest place is the heroism of the young trumpeter who was ordered to sound the charge at the very moment when a stray shot from the enemy gave him his mortal wound. Aware that he had but a few

moments to live, the brave boy did not falter, but performed his last duty. Without hesitation or a false note he sounded the summons to battle, and continued his patriotic song until death sealed his last note. The news of his heroism reaching his home, his body was received with proud acclaim, and the funeral rites were those of a festival, in which his parents out-

MUKOJIMA CHERRY BANK, TOKYO.

vied all others in their rejoicing over the glory of a son they had reared for their country.

Following their disaster at Ping-Yang the Chinese retreated across the Yalu River into Manchuria to meet the Tartar hordes coming over the mountains. Marshal Yamagata pursued them at his leisure, and thus the army of China, of which so much had been expected, melted away like snow before the fire of the intrepid Japanese, and Corea knew no more of the armed forces of the great Middle Kingdom.

The victory of the Japanese at Ping-Yang was quickly followed by their first glory won on the sea in a battle with a foreign power. This naval

battle took place near the mouth of the Yalu, between Admiral Ito and Admiral Ting. The force of the first consisted of sixteen vessels, all told, while the Chinese had twenty, though of a slightly inferior tonnage to the other. This was more than outweighed by the greater speed of the ships of Admiral Ting, and the fact that some of the vessels of Admiral Ito had been damaged during the sea voyage just completed.

Confident of victory, Admiral Ting moved boldly against the Japanese, with ten ships abreast, two ironclads forming the centre, and four smaller armoured cruisers making the wings of this stern array. Behind this followed the other ships and torpedo boats. Expecting to carry everything before him by storm, the Chinese commander was disconcerted by a manœuvre on the part of his enemy wholly unlooked for. Instead of locking horns with him in a direct battle, Admiral Ito sent a portion of his fleet forward in what seemed at first a rash clutch at the throat of his antagonist. As soon as it had got within range, the foremost of these vessels dashed furiously along the front line of the Chinese wall, sending broadside after broadside into their solid front. Sweeping around in a semicircle as they performed this daring feat, the Chinese had not recovered from the shock of the surprise before they were dealt another blow quite as unexpected and more disastrous. While their attention had been fixed in front, other ships of Admiral Ito's squadron had got around so as to pour a shower of hot shot and shell upon the rear of the Chinese line. Unprepared for this attack on his rear, before Admiral Ting could bring his guns to bear on his audacious enemies, they had made a complete circuit of his warships. Admiral Ito now opening fire from his heavy ships, which he had held in reserve, Admiral Ting was glad to beat a retreat. Owing to the condition of some of his vessels, the Japanese commander was obliged to abandon pursuit, so that the Chinese escaped. The action had lasted over five hours, and was hotly waged from the opening to the finish. Thus within fifty hours, between September 15th and 17th, 1894, the Japanese won two victories at the very outset of the war which practically settled its results.

The King of Corea soon after renounced any claim of vassalage to China, and Japan had its own way. It was the most propitious day the Hermit Nation had ever known. New order has reigned ever since. There have been no disturbances within its territory that, with the assistance

of Japan, it has been unable to quickly quiet. Some of the uncivilised tribes in the South have tried to resist the king, but have been speedily brought under control.

Marshal Yamagata, after penetrating, by laborious marches, into a country noted for its long and sanguinary encounters in the past, receiving intelligence that the Chinese were to be reinforced in overwhelming numbers with troops from the valley of the Amur, called a halt, and

A VIEW IN MIYAJIMA.

began to strengthen his position for a great battle with the foe. Something of his task in hand may be imagined, when it is known that he had over eighty miles of frontier to protect, running from Chiu-lien-cheng to the walled pass in the mountains of Hai-chieng. All over the Far East the half-wild trooper of the Amur had been pictured as an invincible warrior. Springing to the back of his untamed steed, flying hither and thither over the broad steppes of his native country, his flight was compared to that of the eagle, — swift, certain, and laden with death and destruction. This reputation was proved an illusion by the Japanese in

a furious fight at Chiu-lien-cheng, when they scattered to the four winds of the country the wild marksmen of Manchu. Another victory was won at Old Newchang.

Newchang was a treaty port, and the merchants were immediately assured by Marshal Yamagata that they had nothing to fear from his invasion. In fact, they gained an assurance of safety which had long been taken from them. At this important period in the campaign the health of the Japanese commander failed him, so he was obliged to return to his home. He was succeeded by Lieutenant-General Nodzu, afterward raised to general, who found that the brunt of the battle had been fought by his predecessor. Eventually Marshal Yamagata entered the emperor's Cabinet as Minister of War.

Aware of the importance of Port Arthur as a strategical and commercial position, Japan next concentrated its naval force to attempt its capture. Count Oyama, then Minister of War, was given command of the undertaking, and knowing the strength of the place he was about to assail, he set about his work with caution and good judgment. China had been nearly a quarter of a century in building the fortress here, and it had drained her treasury of more than two million dollars. Count Oyama was allowed twenty-four thousand men, and he set about transporting them to the coast of the mainland with as much rapidity and secrecy as was possible. At dawn, on the 21st of November, the attack was opened on Port Arthur, and inside of ten hours the Chinese had capitulated. Nearly fifty modern cannon were among the prizes, and this victory was the most important won in the war. At Port Arthur the Chinese lacked only the determination to unite and make a good fight to have held their works. They were sufficient in numbers, and it was found that the fortifications were in excellent shape. The mines in the harbour were all mapped out with a clearness which made it easy for the victors to raise the death-dealing instruments without trouble.

For some reason, which has never been explained, Admiral Ting had not come to Port Arthur, but remained inactive at Wei-hai-Wei. This officer had been trained under British discipline, and much had been expected of him at the outset. Somehow he proved, perhaps through no fault of his own, a dismal failure. The Third Army Corps of Japan was now despatched to capture him, and after a series of brilliant manœuvres,

on the 31st of January, 1895, the Chinese at Wei-hai-Wei surrendered. The two great sea-gates of the enemy were now in the hands of the Japanese, and the work of completing their conquest was comparatively easy. An expedition to Formosa resulted in the submission of the enemy in that quarter, and the flag of Japan now floated over the waters of the Asiatic coast. The prowess of Japan was heralded abroad to the nations of the earth. Again modern methods had triumphed over ancient. It is

MIYAJIMA.

a striking record, too, which shows that from the opening skirmish to the closing battle the Japanese were always victorious. She had employed 340,000 men, and lost less than a thousand. Another thing which should be remarked to her credit is the fact that, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, she pursued a course in keeping with civilised conditions of warfare. The Chinese prisoners of war who had been maimed were sent home when they had got well, with cork legs and artificial arms and hands.

THE MORNING BATH.

Two pretended proffers of peace had already been made by China, and rejected by Japan. In March Li Hung Chang, the aged viceroy of Pekin, was sent to make such terms of peace as he could with the representatives of the Emperor of Japan. This conference was held at Shimonoseki, where Count Ito Hirobumi and Viscount Mutsu, Prime Minister of Foreign Affairs, were empowered to speak and act for the island empire. In the midst of this conference an affair occurred which cast a stain on the

TEA-HOUSE, TOKYO.

fame of Japan, and for the time threatened a renewal of the war. This was an attempted assassination of the venerable embassador from China. Fortunately no more serious personal harm was effected than a bullet-wound in the cheek, and the authorities acted with promptness and decision. It was speedily shown that the would-be murderer was a person of doubtful reputation, and not a representative citizen. The anxiety displayed by the emperor and empress did much to allay the ill-feeling awakened, so that the peace commission resumed its work. The 8th of

May, 1895, a date memorable in Japanese history,[1] witnessed the ratification of the treaty of Shimonoseki at Chifu, China.

This treaty settled upon Japan the cession of Formosa and a cash indemnity for the cost of the war; determined the independence of Corea, and opened the ports of China to the commerce of the world. An adjustment of the dispute over the Manchurian country was effected, so as to avert a war with Russia, — for the time only, however. Of paramount impor-

COUNTRY BRIDGE, FUJIKAWA RIVER.

tance to all this was the prestige it gave Japan among the other nations. Her triumph had come like a flash of light from the morning sun springing suddenly from a bed of storm-clouds. August 26th a treaty was secured with Great Britain, which recognised Japan as her equal. On November 22d a new treaty with the United States of America was ratified, under which the wrongs of the past could not be repeated.

[1] It is a noteworthy fact that Commodore Perry's squadron anchored off Yokohama on this date in May, 1854; and in 1858 Townsend Harris paved the way to Japan's modern greatness by negotiating with the shogun at Yedo for the introduction of Western civilisation through the admittance of teachers, physicians, scientists, missionaries, statesmen, and agents of commerce to the country.

Russia's ambition to become a great naval power in the Pacific led her to secure a lease of Port Arthur from China, to extend the Siberian Railway to that town, and to start building operations that would eventually make Dalny the great port of Asia. When, however, she attempted to induce China to recognize her military occupation of the Amur province, she met with a flat refusal from both Great Britain and Japan. She still persisted by evading and breaking agreements, and in February, 1904, Japan withdrew her minister from the Russian capital and at once began a war which for a year and a half consisted of almost an unbroken series of brilliant victories on land and sea. Pres. Roosevelt finally induced the two governments to undertake peace negotiations. They were held at Portsmouth, N. H., in August, 1905, and the resulting treaty was signed on Sept. 5th of the same year.

No indemnity was awarded to Japan, but Russia's military rights in Port Arthur and Dalny passed to her, and Russia promised that Japan's interests in Corea should predominate. Since that time the expected result has happened. In 1907 Japan assumed complete control of the internal administration of Corea and appointed Japanese officers of the Corean government, and on Aug. 22, 1910, a meeting was held at the palace in Seoul, Corea, between Terauchi, the Japanese Resident General, and the Corean emperor and cabinet, at which the terms of annexation were discussed and accepted by the emperor and his cabinet. The marvellous growth in power of Japan is well shown by Corea's downfall. In the latter part of the fourth century she conquered a small section of Japan. Later she allied herself with China, and with her aid repulsed the Japanese in 1592-7. Still later she came under the influence of Russia, but her old enemy, by first defeating China and later Russia, has rendered her helpless and at last absorbed her.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SHRINE OF MAMMON.

WE have already visited several cities that, from time to time, in turn were famous as being Japan's seat of power. But the island empire has yet another capital, which is greater in its power than any of these others, — than ancient Kyoto, with its religious dreaminess; than modern Tokyo, its military camp, resonant still with the measured tread of marching armies and with battle-cries; than the storied memory of Kamakura; than the queenly glory of Nara, — its commercial capital, the capital that to-day rules the destiny of a nation. This is Osaka, with a population in the vicinity of half a million, and a history that teems with the fortunes of unnumbered millions. It is situated less than thirty miles from Kyoto, on the shore of the Inland Sea, and were its harbour as good as that of Yokohama, it would have been to-day the most populous city in the Far East. As it is, Osaka, variously styled the Venice, Glasgow, Chicago, and Manchester, of Japan, has reason to be proud of its past and hopeful for its future.

It was once the military capital, and possesses yet many spots hallowed with the memories of Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu. Much history has been made here, and let the fluent tongue of our native guide restore the flesh to the framework of the past, and we find ourselves fairly captured by the bewildering wraiths of the days of yore. The shoguns considered this an important stronghold, and the last act of this military body was played here. The castle of the warlike period still stands as a marked example of the style of architecture that prevailed in those days.

Until the close of the fifteenth century it was called *Naniwa*, derived from *Nami-haya*, a name bestowed upon the site by Jimmu Tenno, when he found the sea so rough that he could not embark here on his trip to the island 660 years B. C. This name is now applied to it in poetry. A place of interest to the visitor is the Tennoji Temple, the temple of the heavenly kings, and the Temple of Hong-wanji is another relic of other

LOTUS.

days. But respect for monuments of bygone scenes does not have the strong hold here that it has in Kyoto. A ruined fortress of the days of feudalism is the site of the city's water-reservoir, while high above the towers of regents, the temples of religious martyrs, pillars of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, rises the shrine of Mammon.

Osaka is in every sense a busy metropolis. Everywhere it bears the stamp of this; in its rapid growth, in its extension of streets and build-

MISSISSIPPI BAY, NEAR YOKOHAMA.

ings. Here, as nowhere else in the Orient, we find indication of the feverish unrest of the Occident. This reminds us that the former term does not strictly apply to Japan since the restoration of 1868. Neither should it be used for any period previously with an intention of disparagement. The writer believes that it in no wise should be associated with paganism, as that term is commonly accepted. Japan was not an uncivilised nation. Mind, that to the Japanese a Christian was a "barbarian;" could not this statement be reversed with equal fitness? Certainly there is good reason for saying that her civilisation compares

favourably with many so-called Christian countries. If trained in centuries of war, Japan showed herself capable of shaking off the old garment and donning the new without resorting to warlike methods.

What strikes the stranger at first glance is the large number of factory chimneys, which proclaim its great manufacturing interests. Hundreds of these smoke-begrimed tops look down upon him, until he begins to think the building of factory chimneys is the one occupation of people. With these we look for the start in progressive history. Besides being the centre of a large cotton-spinning industry, it has extensive ship-building yards, and is noted for its big iron mills. The great silk shops display the costliest fabrics hand and loom can produce. As well as being filled with the fire of modern industry, and the lingering spirit of ancient glory, Osaka is the gayest city in all Japan. Here are to be seen people of ample means and artistic taste. Nowhere is the geisha so noted for her beauty, wit, and skill in playing the three-stringed banjo. "The daughters of Kyoto do excellent; those of Tokyo do most excellent; those of Osaka excel them all." No passport is required to visit Osaka, nor that little mountain village, Arima, sixteen miles inland from this city, and famous for its bamboo baskets and health-giving springs.

ROCK HARUNA, HOKOGATAKE.

A place of especial interest and importance is the Mint, located in the northern part of the city, where all the coin for the empire is minted, and where, also, Corea sends her gold for coinage.

While the situation of Osaka, with reference to Japan, closely resembles that of New York to the United States, or Liverpool to England, or Glasgow to Scotland, its harbour is too shallow to admit large steamers, which have to lie off the bar at the mouth of the Yodo. For this reason much of the foreign commerce that would have come to this city has gone to Kobé, twenty-five miles westward. In this modern period the railway has largely taken the place of the small ships that used to swarm in its waters. Near the centre of the city is the Corean bridge, Coraibashi, from which all distances in this vicinity are considered, as the Nihonbashi bridge at Tokyo is the starting-point for all routes in the east.

In the great number of the spindles of Osaka, which are increasing from year to year, we see proof and prophecy of the coming importance of the manufacture of cotton goods in Japan. Besides Osaka there are fifteen other places where cotton-spinning is carried on successfully. China has become the best market for the products of these looms, and here the island empire has an advantage over other countries. The monetary system of both empires is based on silver, and wages are paid in silver at the rate of from fifty cents to one dollar a day. Coal is correspondingly cheap; in fact, everything is in favour of this Manchester of the Far East, with her thirty-odd cotton-spinning companies, outrivalling her competitors of the Far West.

Another important enterprise of Osaka is the weaving and knitting of garments, which are not only sent all over the empire, but find their way abroad. Here are made half of the boots and clothing of the empire, while glass-making is carried on with profit. No doubt the difficulty with China will check the output of goods for a time, as did the war with that power in 1894, but Japan will rally from this. Her exports and imports were about $485,000,000 in 1909. In exports the U. S. is a good first, but in imports Great Britain's trade nearly equals that of all the other nations, United States, however, coming second. China's trade, which used to be first, now ranks a poor third.

We have had occasion to mention the growing industry of silk manu-

facture, and this bids fair to become more and more the staple export of the country. Nearly every section of Japan, except Hokkaido, is favourable to the growth of the mulberry, and with the further introduction of modern machinery the profit in its raising will be materially increased. But even now, with the imperfections that some districts offer, the white silks of Shinano are unrivalled for their purity and brilliancy. Something like three thousand tons of raw silk are reeled every year, with a likeli-

MOAT AT TOKYO.

hood that it will soon be doubled in amount. Japan exports raw silk and cocoons to the value of nearly twenty million dollars annually. At the same time she is sending abroad silk textiles to the value of over five millions. Of course it is expected that a large amount of tea is gathered year by year, and this assumption is borne out by the figures, which stand near seventy million pounds; of this article of commerce more than one-half is sent to the United States. The leading import of Japan is sugar.

In connection with its commerce, it is interesting to note that not less than five hundred Japanese steamships are registered at the ports opened

THE CHERRY BANK AT KOGANEI.

to trade, while there are a slightly larger number of sailing vessels. According to the treaty of 1898, foreign trade and intercourse is now unrestricted.

Japan has already commenced to show its colonising intentions, in the manner which it has begun to open up Yeso, or Tokkaido, as has been described. The climate of this island is well adapted to raising any crop that grows in the temperate zone, which is destined to add vastly to the

PICKING TEA NEAR KYOTO.

storehouses of the empire. With Formosa, Japan has secured not only one of the strongest strategical points on the Asiatic coast, but an island extremely fertile in its natural state. The cultivation of tea here is rapidly increasing, and already the sunny slopes of the Banka district are terraced with the valuable shrub. Coffee can be grown here successfully, while maize, wheat, and barley can be raised with profit. It is also a country capable of raising the sugar-beet, while hemp, jute, and millet are already articles of export. Coal-fields have been mined for years by the

Chinese, which, under the management of their new owners, are likely to show far greater outputs.

The native inhabitants, probably of Malay origin, are somewhat taller and heavier than the Japanese, with broad chests and muscular limbs. They have been head-hunters for centuries, but are not savages beyond the reach of civilisation. The island has become a good market for cotton goods, which the native women of Formosa wear. In the interior roam deer, wild goats, bears, boars, panthers, wildcats, and numerous monkeys. Along the banks of the streams are seen in great numbers wild ducks, geese, snipe, and pheasants. Not a bad country for the sportsman.

In passing it is interesting to note that Japan not only prohibits the use of opium among her own people, but denies the Chinese resident this drug. The relation between these two empires that have been neighbours so long is not understood by the rest of the world. There is no disputing that Japan owes much to China in her literature, and it is equally true that the Middle Kingdom is her debtor for much good. Previous to 675 the Chinese were pleased to call Japan by the designation of *Wo*, which ideograph meant yielding or subdued. This was distasteful to the Japs, and the term was dropped. After four centuries of intercourse with China, Japan is perfectly familiar with many incidents happening in Central China, and she possesses a very vivid account of the Chinese conquest of Manchuria.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that China is, and has ever been, jealous of Dai Nippon. But Japan is the best friend that China has ever known, despite the dark reflections which cannot other than rise in the memory regarding the wrongs of the past. Better than any other people does she understand the ancient empire, and if China ever rises from her despair, it must be the strong arm of Japan that lifts her up. By right of ancestral endowments the two should be sisters, knowing each other's tongue, reading each other's thoughts, and understanding each other's heart as no other race does. One motive above all others will tend to unite the couple, and for mutual good if not from love, cause them to stand together when the final battle shall come for the supremacy of the Far East. Both stand in fear of the White Empire, and rather than suffer the encroachments of Russia too far, will unite in a common resistance.

If ever Japan had any serious intentions of extending her power over the Philippines, which is very doubtful, that opportunity slipped away

with the steaming out of the waters of Yokohama of the war-steamers making up the fleet of Commodore George Dewey, on January 3d, 1898. But with his defeat of the Spanish at Manila, he brought to the very door of Japan that nation to which she owes more than all others her ability to become a colonising power. A glance backward over the pages of history shows that at the time the Japanese were sending back to Luzon from the banks of the Yodo the adventurous pioneers of Spanish colonisation, a hardy band of settlers were founding, in the wilderness of the Western

OLD PINE-TREE IN VILLA GARDEN.

world, a nation destined eventually to crush Spanish rule in the Far East, and awaken Japan from its long sleep. To-day Japan has a navy of over fifty vessels, fourteen of which are large battleships, and sixty-nine torpedo boats. The fleet of Nippon Yusen Kaisha numbers eighty steamers. Its war strength amounts to 1,500,000 men, and the wealth of the empire is estimated to be not less than 10,000,000,000,000 yen.

Here in Osaka we see more of the cosmopolitan appearance of the Occident than elsewhere in Japan, but even here a farmer is readily known as a tiller of the soil by his dress; there is no more mistaking

the calling of the carpenter than that of the coal-burner. This idea of individuality is even carried into personal appearance as regards age. The old never don the dress of the young, nor is it often that one attempts to conceal the evidence of his or her age, as Father Time makes his encroachments upon the aging victim. Occasionally an attempt is made to retain the colour of the hair, but this is done simply from the fear that it might be thought one had passed one's years of usefulness, as Isanemoro, nine

A PICTURESQUE LAKE VIEW, TOKYO.

hundred years ago, blacked his hair for fear the young men would no longer deign to cross swords with him. No man or woman of to-day dyes the hair who is not willing to own to every year that time has dropped upon his or her shoulders.

The painful weakness of physique peculiar to the Japanese is shown by the large number of students who die before they have completed their course of studies. It is the rule that forty per cent. drop out on account of death before they graduate, and not over one in twenty takes his degree at the University of Tokyo.

VIEW, UYENO.

Among the dread diseases that exist in Japan is that of leprosy. More so, perhaps, than in any other country is it looked upon as a disgrace or curse put upon the victim for some misdeed. For this reason, as in other countries, it has not been treated as it should have been. In its early stages the disease is not given much attention, but, as it advances, the unfortunate becomes an object to be avoided, and the consequence is, when he is in sore need of care and medical aid, he is left to linger by himself, alone with his terrible destroyer. The first person to think of looking to the welfare of the sufferer from this malady was the Empress Komiyo Kojo, who founded a hospital for the hapless victims. She has been described as a very beautiful woman, but no personal fear deterred her from going among the afflicted ones, washing their sores and caring for them. A fire, however, destroyed her hospital, and there was no one to rebuild it for centuries, though many realised the great good it had accomplished.

PRAYER.

In 1885 the French missionary, Father Testevuide, from a small beginning, founded another hospital for lepers at the pretty little village of Gotemba, overlooked by the sunny heights of Fuji San. The suggestion for this humane work is said to have been the finding of a poor blind

woman, unclothed, and destitute of means as well as friends. The kind-hearted missionary took her into his own house and cared for her. Thinking to get her into better hands, he tried to have her taken to a hospital, only to be refused on every hand. There was no institution with a benevolence equal to caring for the blind beggar dying of an incurable disease. Father Testevuide continued to care for this patient himself, and while making her sufferings lighter and showing her the way to a higher life, he planned his humane institution. With slight encouragement and inadequate means at his command, he persevered, and to-day his hospital is one of the places that many have reason to bless. It is not claimed that a cure can be effected here, but many do leave the hospital after a course of treatment, so much improved that they resume an active place in life, expecting that some time they may have to return to the secluded home of the stricken ones at Gotemba. Here those who are able help till the land belonging to the institution, while those who are unable to aid are tenderly cared for until the spirit of the sufferer finds flight under the teachings of those who point to a higher and better life. It will be readily seen that Father Testevuide is looked upon with all the love and veneration that was bestowed upon Father Damien of Hawaii. In connection with this pathetic situation are many stories of sacrifice and unselfish devotion to the cause of suffering humanity. Among those who help care for the invalids is a man who voluntarily left a pleasant home and a happy family to devote the remainder of his life to the work, the only stipulation he asked being that his loved ones should be cared for in case they came to want.

It should be said that leprosy, *elephantiasis*, is mostly confined to a certain district in western Nihon. The lack of proper clothing, the deficiency of nourishment in the common diet of the people, the crude method of caring for the sick, all tend to weaken the race. Since the introduction of the jinrikisha, heart disease has appeared among the coolies to an alarming extent. Previously these people were among the most hardy. It will be seen that the physical condition of the race is not the most hopeful. How the change of the mode of living to the manner of the Western world is going to affect the situation it is still too early to tell. That it must result in good finally seems almost certain.

VILLAGE SCENE.

CHAPTER XL.

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

IF the revolution of 1868 restored the rule of Japan to the imperial line, and dealt the death-blow to the shogunate, it immediately began to build a new power behind the throne. This modern shogun does not come armed with a two-edged sword, but wields the tongue and pen quite as effectively for his purpose, and he has it to his credit that he sheds red ink in the place of blood. This august person is the politician. But before we consider the power and perils he offers, it will be necessary to speak of that modern regent, the financier. In fact, we cannot well sum up the result of a country's achievements, or measure its possibilities for the future, without knowing its financial situation. This may be briefly summed up and a fair view of the condition of Japan be obtained.

The monetary system of the empire, as has been observed, is based upon silver, which has already depreciated to a considerable extent, and is likely to go lower. The yen, which at par value corresponds to our dollar, is divided into one hundred sen, and this last into ten rin. It will

be seen that it takes one thousand rins to make one yen, or a dollar of our money, and when it is taken into consideration that this small coin plays an important part in the values of articles produced, the slowness with which people using so small a unit of exchange get rich, according to our ideas, will be quickly understood. This rin, for convenience in handling, has a hole in the middle, so it can be placed on a string with others. Gold and copper, as well as silver, are used in the coinage. The *satsu*, or bank-note, as being more convenient than coin, is largely in circulation, and of different denominations. It is a singular fact that the only foreign coin which is current in Japan is the Mexican dollar, which passes here at its face value.

Though Japan had no mine which was worked at that time, coins have been in circulation, to a limited extent, since an early age. Tradition gravely asserts that among the spoils brought back from an expedition to Corea by the followers of Empress Jingo were silver coins which were shaped like birds. Having less apparent use for coin than for idols, the gold and silver taken from Corea and China from time to time, and from the expeditions to the Philippines, were utilised in making new gods, or in affording ornaments for persons, and the decorations for religious objects. It will thus be seen that these rare metals were esteemed chiefly for their beauty, and that their value as a medium of exchange was thought of least and last. The fine embroidery of the best costumes was made richer by showers of gold and silver, the weapons of war were embellished and the armour was brightened by inlays of the same precious metals.

Coinage was not attempted with any marked success until the beginning of the eighth century, and then copper was used almost entirely. Previously the people had been accustomed to resort entirely to barter and exchange of materials, so that the government met with long and persistent opposition to the new medium. It became necessary to overcome the prejudice of the people by offering prizes to those who would accumulate the most copper coins. One imperial edict called forth is notable for offering official rank to the farmer who could show possession of six thousand *cash;* another commanded travellers to be supplied with coins rather than goods with which to defray their expenses; a third provided that taxes should be paid in coin instead of produce; still another made the land transferred in payment of barter rather than money liable to

Tea Pickers

confiscation. In the light of such intelligence it is not surprising to find the government, at the end of a century, enacting regulations in the opposite direction, — the hoarding of coins prohibited as far as possible, and the farmer reminded that in case of the failure of the crops copper coins could not be cooked and eaten. Any person who concealed his coins was liable to have the whole lot seized and confiscated by the government, one-fifth of the amount being allowed the informer.

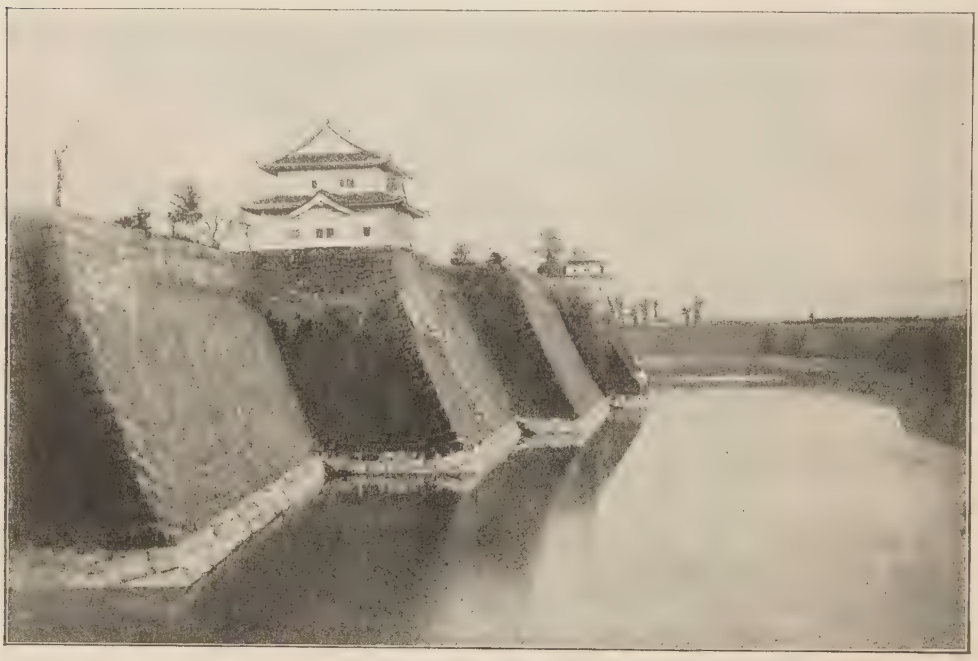
Japan had already — at the beginning of the eighth century — formed a

A TRAVELLERS' RESTING-HOUSE.

ministry of finance, which was supposed to regulate, not only the amount of coin in circulation, but the values between exchanges, and to establish weights and measures. The ability of this ministry was taxed to its utmost to do all this consistently and satisfactorily. In reality, the people — the common masses — had little need of money as a medium of exchange. The leading requirement for the metals was that of answering the demands of the religious leaders for new idols and newer and greater offerings to the gods, especially in the frequent cases of war.

The gold and silver used for purposes of exchange were not cast into any particular form, but were cut from bars into pieces of the desired size.

During the long interval of the five hundred years' war, or from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, the coinage of metals was so checked that it became the custom to send the bars of gold and silver to China, obtaining in exchange tokens of copper, which was the most called for. During the Nara era, and also that of the Heian, so many new temples were raised, and so many idols made, that the supply of copper became insufficient to meet the demand. In this emergency the ministry hit upon the scheme of debasement of the coinage, and the unit of copper



CASTLE OF OSAKA.

went down one-half. Another resort was to place a value on a coin in excess of its denomination. In this way great confusion and vexation was encountered. Some refused to accept this depreciated currency. Then, too, the mints were in such a crude state that many of the coins were poorly made. These were often objected to, or accepted at reduced value. This practice, however, was stopped by Emperor Saga, 820, by inaugurating a system of flogging all who refused to allow face value for coins offered, no matter in what condition. This stand was taken on the ground that the person who offered one of these coins was not responsible for any defect of mintage or absence of value.

Government having set its own seal upon dishonesty, it is not to be wondered at that the people eventually followed the trend of an example of this kind. The coins of China, at this period finding their way into Japan, were known to be of greater commercial value, and thus the inhabitants of Dai Nippon came to accept them at four times the consideration of the products of the home mint. This incensed the government so far that they attempted to stop the practice. Edicts were put out condemning those who dared to discriminate against the government, ordering them to be branded upon the cheek with hot irons, placed under heavy fines, or exposed to the scoffs of passers-by in some public place for three days. Still the classes aimed at — the farmer and the merchant — defied the officials and resolutely held to their determination, many of them to their sorrow and disgrace in the eyes of the nobility, until, after centuries of oppression of this kind, during the dynasty of the Tokugawa shoguns the people conquered. The coins of China were received at four times the valuation of those of Japan. Little wonder if, under such a teacher, the commercial sensibilities of the Japanese trader became blunted to the sense of actual honesty in his dealings. His government had set its seal on dishonesty and tried to make him follow its course.

In fixing the standard of value, rice has always been used as the unit of value. We have mentioned that taxes were commonly paid in this cereal, and from time immemorial to the present day, rice has been more to the Orient than bread to the Occident. It was both bread and meat to the Japanese wherever and whenever he could get it. The official measure of Japan is the *koku*, which equals 5.113 bushels, and is divided into *to-sho*, and *go*. A go was relatively one-thousandth of a koku, and thus the usual price of a go being one cash or *mon*, that of a koku was one thousand cash. This was what might be considered the common price, though sometimes rice sold for double the value indicated. This calculation was not definitely disturbed until recently. It will be seen that the purchasing power of coin, based on this estimation, which was official, was very great. Accepting the usual estimate of five go of rice, equal to a pint and a half of our measure, as the allowance for the day's food of a labourer, we find him living at the nominal expense of five cash, or five mills in our money.

When the fiefs were taken from the nobles and restored to the imperial

line by the revolution of 1868, the feudal lords and samurai were recompensed for their losses either by sums set in commutation or by public bonds bearing interest as an annual income. In doing this, Japan established a national debt of 191,500,000 yen, the amount settled upon the nobles by bonds. To this we have to add 21,500,000 yen, resulting from the acceptance of the indebtedness of the fiefs, — a balance of 10,000,000 yen having been paid in ready money; a loan of some 15,000,000

CONICAL HILLOCK SHAPED TO REPRESENT FUJI SAN.

yen incurred by the Satsuma rebellion of 1877, two foreign loans of 16,500,000 yen, a loan for public improvements of 33,000,000 yen, and yet one more for naval construction of 13,000,000, and another of 14,500,000 yen arising from the establishment of a fiat currency, and we have the whole amount of Japan's financial liabilities during the first twenty years of the existence of the new government, which equalled 305,000,000 yen.

The expense arising in connection with the war with China amounted to a little more than 240,000,000 yen, of which 105,000,000 was paid

out of the accumulated money in the treasury, and 135,000,000 added to the national debt. Japan received from China as indemnity for the war, 300,000,000 yen, and by increasing her naval and army forces, improving her coast defences and dockyards, etc., incurred an expense of 325,000,000 yen; to this she added 120,000,000 yen for railways, telegraphs, and telephones; 20,000,000 yen for dredging and widening her rivers; 20,000,000 yen for industrial and agricultural banks and other improvements. These sums for improvements were met by domestic loans, which it was considered possible to meet inside of ten years. As a result, we find, at the beginning of 1900, Japan's indebtedness to be a trifle less than 500,000,000 yen, or dollars in our money.

AN ARCHER.

If this sum seems large at first sight, it becomes more appalling when we come to examine the assets and income with which it must be met. We find that with her political and industrial progression, Japan has gone backward in her liabilities. The question does not arise, can she keep her head above water, but, how long can she do it. Let us look into her prospects.

Upon the decline of feudalism and the establishment of the new government in 1871, the emperor lifted the tenant farmer up from the condition of a dependent, to the ownership of 11,000,000 acres of land, on the stipulation that he pay a land tax of three and a half yen, equalling in the depreciated currency $1.75 per acre. This is about one-seventh what he had to pay under the old system. The direct tax received by the government amounts annually to 93,000,000 yen, to which should be added the income from posts, state railway, telegraphs, etc., reaching the sum at present of 34,500,000 yen. This then, gives the government 128,000,000 yen with which to support an army of toward half a million soldiers and a navy of over seventy ships, and to carry a debt of 500,000,000 yen. In answering the question asked, it should be considered that no Western nation can support its armies and carry on its improvements so cheaply. In the second place, the income from the enterprises owned and controlled by the government is steadily increasing; in the third instance, as has been hinted, the people are very well able to bear a heavier burden of taxation. Japan has no reason to feel anxious about its future in this respect.

Japan has greater reason for fear in another direction. The men who carried forward the restoration and sustained the Meeji era, as the first quarter of a century following the reinstating of the imperial line has been called, were the ablest that had come to the front for a long period. These included those clans most dreaded in the past, Satsuma and Choshiu. Unfortunately the highest offices in the state are hereditary. Those in power were soon opposed by a party that demanded greater liberty in the government. This party became known as the Liberals. It started in 1878, under the leadership of Count Itagaki. Seven years later, this body of men being content to ask and wait, a second party arose on the same grounds as the other, except that it sought for immediate change. It had been organised by a former member of the imperial Cabinet, Count Okuma, who was opposed to Count Itagaka, and thus the leaders of the two parties, standing practically on the same platform, became bitter enemies. The name of the new party was Progressists. These two great political bodies are, as far as general principles are concerned, identical, but in Japan it is not principles which count in its politics, but persons. The leaders of the imperial party held the reins of government for nearly a

quarter of a century, when they began to give way to others, and the decline of the party began. Men prominent in the two political bodies mentioned came to the front, but Count Itagaka, who has been styled "the Rousseau of Japan," and Count Okuma, "the Robert Peel," towered head and shoulders above all others. The demand for a Constitution,

A TEMPLE ENTRANCE.

accompanied by the threat of breaking down the old walls, had to be met by the Constitution of 1890, and the Diet a year later.

With the Constitution written by Marquis Ito, the emperor volunteered certain concessions and granted privileges which in no other country have been gained without war and bloodshed. It fixed the minimum age of parliamentary candidates and holders of franchise at twenty-five, and made the qualification for each, an annual payment of fifteen yen in taxes. By this qualification only 460,000, out of a population of 16,000,000 male persons of the required age, were allowed to vote or hold office. A House of Representatives was provided for, consisting of

three hundred members, and a House of Peers, elected by the people, but nominated by the sovereign from the hereditary lines. Thus, with only the preliminary preparation of meeting by provincial assemblies, Japan assumed the responsibilities of parliamentary institutions. By this action the progress of the empire seemed to be placed in imminent danger. It was no slight matter to take the power from the hands of old and tried statesmen, and place it in the control of new and untried men, who must of necessity be ignorant of the underlying principles of a good govern-

DRESSING FISH.

ment. In this peculiar situation the peril was largely removed by the fact that the emperor still held the power to control the Cabinet, which was dependent upon him for its life. This was intended by the astute framer of the Constitution, that the lawmakers should be compelled to come to the imperial master as their source of power.

When the Constitution was given, according to understanding, the rival elements in politics had the privilege to contest for the removal of those high in power who yet represented feudalism in a modernised form. But it was only by speech they moved; they dared not raise a hand against

NOGEYAMA, YOKOHAMA.

the emperor. The people would not submit to it, — not yet, — and they knew it. In this peculiar embarrassment they stood between the throne and the people. It was in vain that the very men who had thrown down the old yoke of tyranny, and given Japan its new régime of power, made their appeals. These men were now looked upon by those who had profited by them, through their courage and wisdom, as usurpers and revolutionary politicians. But these were still wise and sanguine enough to wait, declaring that their triumph was only a matter of time. It is proving so. Not far distant is the day when Cabinets that shall represent the people, and an administration which shall administrate the will of the commonwealth, will be assured. Her statesmen can afford to wait. They have already won a good measure of glory.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

IN Kyoto there is a temple known as the Kyomizu, which has a traditional origin. According to ancient accounts, the Goddess Kwannon, in the guise of an old man, appeared to an humble fisherman and commanded him to build a *dera* (temple), and place therein an image of herself as the Goddess of Mercy. This she ordered him to carve from a log lying at his feet. In obedience to this command, though a novice at such work, this old man, whose name was Enchin, set himself at once about the task. He laboured steadily for a score of years without being discovered at his work. Then, just as he was nearing its completion, a noted warrior discovered him. He was so filled with admiration for the gray-headed novice's zeal and skill, that, upon hearing his story, he gave him his own house to be taken to this beautiful spot beside a cascade and raised above his graven goddess. In this way was built this temple and deity, which have remained many centuries as a reminder of the faith and industry of a faithful follower of Buddha. The sacred place is reached by a road bearing its name, and the visitor beholds an odd, antique structure lifted high into the air upon piles. Once inside its walls, the rare paintings of old Japanese masters are to be seen. The image which cost so many years of patient toil is but a little over five feet in height, and is kept in a shrine, which is opened only three times during a century. But the temple is lighted by a lamp that is never allowed to burn out.

Between this ancient place of divine worship and Dai Nippon many suggestive comparisons have been made. The many isles upon which the empire has been built are not unlike so many piers rising from the bed of the ocean. Like the origin of the temple, its birth is veiled in mystery and obscurity, an old man and a young woman figuring prominently in both. The sacred retreat is one of great beauty, amid waterfalls, flowers, and birds. Japan is embosomed in these. Here the Goddess of Mercy chose her abiding-place, and nowhere has this spirit ruled with a more

apparent presence than in the Sunrise Land. The figure of the graven image exactly represents the stature of an average Japanese. But the comparison that delights most is drawn from the fact that the light of the temple has never expired. As through the changes of masters, in all the vicissitudes of religious life, the divine lamp has kept bright, so

STONE LANTERNS, TOKYO.

has the spark of liberty never dimmed in the hearts of the people, let whatever rule come to the surface that might.

Three Japans are pictured to the tourist, who does not stop to look below the surface, — the empire of pleasure, the empire of beauty, and the empire of mystery. The historian finds three in his catalogue, — the empire of tradition, the empire of feudalism, and the empire of progression. Again, the student finds another three, — the real, the unreal, and the ideal Japans. For the benefit of the general reader, that he may the easier carry the more important events in his mind, we divide, or separate, the history of Japan into eight sections or parts, viz., Days of the Gods,

ending with the seventh century B. C.; the Viking Age, from the beginning of the sixth century B. C. to the Christian era; Twilight of Tradition, from the year 1 to the close of the seventh century; the reign of Fujiwara, from 645 to the close of the ninth century; the era of the Five Hundred Years' War, 888 to 1336; the Dark Age, from 1336 to 1573; Middle Age, 1574 to 1615; Golden Era, between 1616 and 1868; Meeji, or Great Peace, the quarter of a century between the Golden Era and the war with China in 1894; the Progressive Period, the present time.

It is both interesting and instructive to compare the dates of the setting of the mile-stones of Japan's historic journey along the pathway of time with the checkered condition of other countries of the world during the different stages of life. While the descendants of Jimmu Tennô were founding with the sword Yamato Damashii, the Soul of Old Japan, under the inspiration of the heroism which made the island empire the home of a race of warriors, that first great student of nature, Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, was awakening the followers of Philip of Macedon with his wisdom of speech and writing. Alexandria, the birthplace of science and literature, was built. During that era the first great school of the world was established, where the renowned scholars and wise men of Egypt gathered, and where thousands of young men came to learn the wondrous truth which they taught. If the children of Dai Nippon claimed to be the offspring of the sun, here it was first taught that the sun was the centre of the universe around which the earth and the other planets revolved. If these sages taught more than they could prove, it showed them none the less acute of discernment.

According to the traditions of that age, at the time Jimmu Tennô was founding his Empire of the Rising Sun, Romulus was building on the banks of the Tiber that Empire of the West which was destined to dazzle the world with its power and splendour. Rome was mightiest while Dai Nippon played in childlike simplicity on the banks of the Yodo, the Tiber of the Far East. The sun of Roman glory was beginning to dip toward the west as Empress Jingu set out on her conquest of Corea, and as the king of light set on Rome it rose on Japan.

The barbarians of the North, laying in ruins the civilisation that had been the upbuilding of six centuries, plundered Rome in 410, and Europe entered upon the Dark Ages, which lasted for nearly eight hundred years.

During this long period Japan sounded the praises of Fujiwara, saw this proud line of imperialism rise and fall, fought the brunt of her five hundred years' battles, and folded about her the black mantle of her own age of darkness. Singularly enough, while all of Europe was in the midst of wars and wild disorder, the sun of civilisation seeming to be lost for ever behind the impenetrable clouds of stubborn warfare, and the flash of the two-edged sword the only light that came from the East, the wild

GROUNDS SURROUNDING A SHINTO SHRINE.

tribes of the deserts of the great central region of the Eastern continent, brought together and unified by the inspiring and far-reaching teachings of one man, Mahomet, became the leaders of enlightenment. The great schools of Tunis, Bagdad, Cordova, and Seville, founded by the Arabs of Asia and the Moors of Africa, were the fountains of art, science, literature, and religion. With them was vested the riches, power, and wisdom of the world, until the Crusades awoke Europe from her long, troubled sleep.

Europe might be said to have been in her Middle Age at nearly the same

time Japan was entering hers, while the Golden Era of Dai Nippon closely followed the Renaissance of Europe, which was the rekindling of the torch of ancient enlightenment, which has reached unwonted brightness in this age of science and literature.

An examination of the relative positions of the seats of power during the shifting drama of the rise of the Japanese empire shows that the leaders in the ancient days were natives of the district of Yamato, or in Kinai, which belonged to the five home provinces, of which Kyoto was the

A JUNK.

centre. In the Middle Ages the able men came from Kuanto, the district of which Yedo was the capital. With the opening of more modern history the foremost men came from Mino, Owair, and Mikawa, of the Tokaido, or Eastern Sea route. In the period of the restoration the leaders rose from Kyushu and, farther south and west, from Choshiu, Satsuma, Tosa, and Hizen.

One reason for the unity of the Japanese in their undertakings is the close relation of the people. For them there is but one language, one history, one system of tradition, one ideal, and one race. There may have been different branches at the outset of this family tree, but so long and

so closely have these been interwoven that they now compose a single body.

It seemed to be a part of the great plan of national redemption that Japan should emerge from out of the mists and mysticisms of the past into the light of the present at a time when those guiding forces, education, science, and Christianity, were most potent to surround her with the richest gifts of the Occidental world. The whistle of the American steamer in the harbour of Yokohama awoke the island empire from her

LANTERN AND WATER BASIN.

long sleep. It must not be understood that she would have slept on in her peaceful dreams had not our bluff Commodore Perry come upon the scene at that time, but the awakening would have been delayed many years, perhaps for a generation. Nor should it be considered that the revolution which speedily followed was the result of a sudden impulse. No great revolution, civic or military, is the product of a single day, but rather the culminating growth of years of fostering. Our own war for independence had been slumbering for a long time in the breasts of the patriots of '76, and burst forth only when the crust of the volcano had

become too thin to hold the fire longer. As far back as the ascendency of the Fujiwara had begun, Japan laid the foundation for that platform upon which she was to rise so many years later into the proud consciousness of a full-fledged power.

It must indeed have been a vivid picture disclosed to this people when, on July 8, 1853, the inhabitants of Uraga discovered four armed cruisers lying off her port, and in answer to her signal rockets the anchors were dropped amid the rattling of chains and the voices of a strange people. The day and the scene have been so aptly described by one of Japan's historians that we cannot do better than to quote it here: "The day was ushered in with fog so thick that the land was hidden. Only at intervals could the rocky outlines of the coast be discerned. Gradually through the sun-rent curtains of mist the mountains became visible. At meridian Fuji's glorious form loomed into view, and by mid-afternoon the whole panorama of the landscape and blue waters greeted the eye. At sunset the peerless mountain wore a crown of glory. From midnight until four o'clock A. M. appeared from the southwest a meteoric sphere of light that moved toward the northeast, illuminating the whole atmosphere, finally falling toward the sea and vanishing. The next day was one of sunny splendour.

"So it has been with Japan, social and political. Foreigners in the morning of their life on the soil found themselves in a fog of ignorance. Everything Japanese seemed veiled in mystery. . . . Japan was then the Land of Darkness. Gradually the dawn broke, the fogs of mystery were risen, and the real Japan was discovered. Yet before the cloudless day was ushered in, the great meteoric movement from the southwest toward the northeast — the uprising of the great clans which made New Japan and seated the emperor in Tokyo — took place. Like the coming of the Sun Goddess out of her cave was the emergence of the mikado into the white light of public duty. The mystery play was over. To-day Japan is worthy of her name, — Sunrise. It is the 9th of July."[1]

To the Portuguese belong the credit of first visiting Japan, and opening intercourse with them. They sent her the Jesuits to change her religion, and took from her some of her subjects to be made slaves in foreign lands. Neither action pleased Japan, and she forbade these people coming to her shores. The loss was Portugal's, the gain Japan's. Spain tried her hand

[1] Griffis.

ENTRANCE TO UYENO PARK, TOKIO.

at converting and colonising, at slave-trading and money-getting. She found the inhabitants of the island empire too alert and too summary in her dealing to keep her foothold on the islands. The Dutch came, with more caution and a deeper purpose. By appearing to let alone that matter dearest to the heart of the Japanese they were allowed to have a monopoly of the trade, — we have seen with what profit to Holland; and in return they gave Japan more than they have ever been given credit for. In

A COMMON TYPE OF CITY TEA-GARDEN.

return for the privilege they enjoyed they opened the door to the light of European science, medicine, and literature. The books and language given this hermit race by the Dutch were a wonderful revelation to them. The inspiration they afforded was the leaven at work upon the loaf of political progress. The gold that the merchantmen of Holland carried away year by year, century by century, was not all lost. The Dutch removed the bane and softened the deep-seated hatred the Japanese felt toward Christianity.

England, first through her Will Adams, whose grave is to-day an honoured spot on the bluff overlooking Yokohama bay, shed new light on the benighted hearts of the men of feudalism. Since, English scholars have penetrated deeper into the mysteries of the military court at Yedo, and, pulling aside the curtain of pomp and pageantry, have warned the true representative of power at Kyoto of the folly of his situation. Sir Harry Parkes, an English minister, first of all defied the shogun in de-

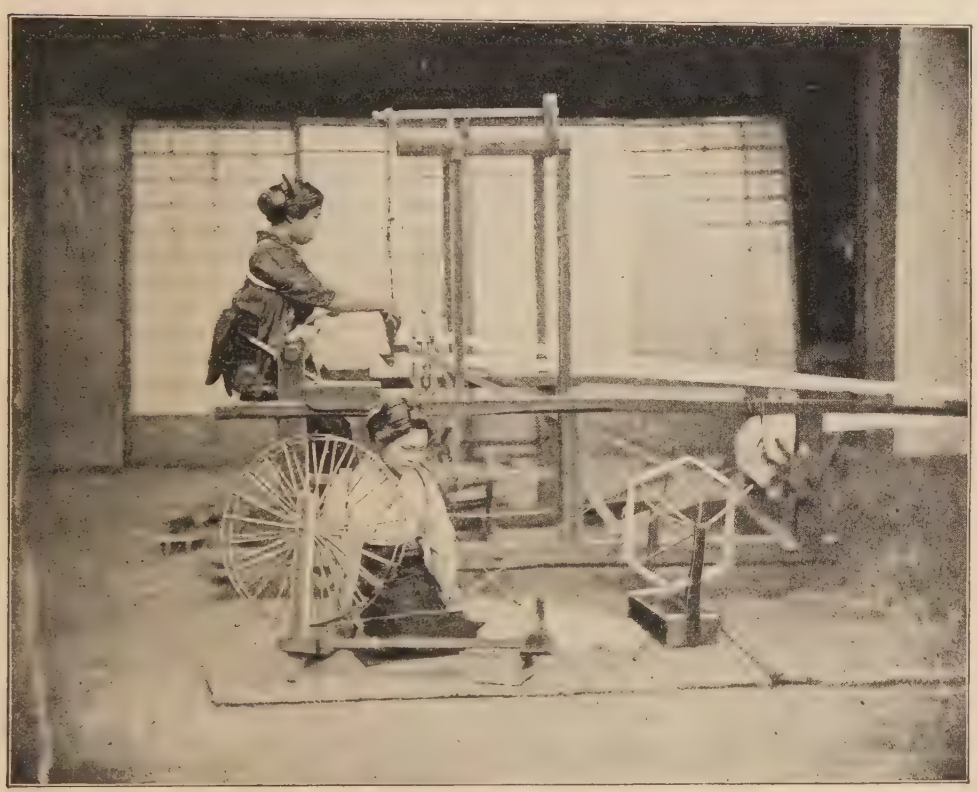
IN AN IRIS GARDEN.

manding that his credentials go to the actual sovereign, and thus forged another link in the chain of modern progress.

The Russians tried their hand at developing the country, and finding an opportunity to seize a huge slice, did so; and like hungry bears, have kept growling and harrying their shore ever since.

With all these and others to add their mite, to say nothing of China, who gave of her blood and sinew and divine love, it was left for America to complete the work of revelation and restoration. Commodore Perry, by his shrewd determination, rent the veil hanging over the empire, which Townsend Harris, five years later, completely tore aside by that treaty which opened the ports of Japan to the commerce of the world. That

the United States has not lost by this is shown by the fact that from the fourth position among the nations in trade with the island empire she has risen to the first. It can be truly said that since the eventful day when Commodore Perry reached Yedo Bay, no other nation has treated Japan with greater fairness or has helped the empire farther along the broad maritime way of universal progress than ours. Japan knows this, and appreciates it. With American government over the Philippines,



WEAVING HABUTAI SILK.

the great Republic of the West and the little Empire of the Far East are brought closely together.

The Japanese government has learned more of diplomacy from America than all she had acquired from other nations. The Washington policy has ever been peace, the advancement of industry, the progress of education, and the enlightenment of Christianity. The Americans have shown a patience found with none other. The treaty which placed Japan among the commercial nations was obtained only after a year

and a half of patient waiting and gentle expostulating, without a war-ship or a gun. But we need not multiply these examples.

The history of conquest is a remarkable record, each chapter more wonderful than the one before. Setting its conquering columns westward from the highlands of northern India, within three thousand years it has performed its stupendous achievement, leaving as monuments of its conquest the empires of Persia, Greece, Rome, and Great Britain. Recruiting its ranks from the yeomanry of the last, it crossed the stormy Atlantic to found on the shores of the New World the great Republic of America. Still seeking new scenes of emprise it swept the breadth of a continent. Again confronted by an ocean, it unhesitatingly dared the dangers of the Pacific to awaken from their sleep of centuries a people eminently fitted to rear the sixth empire in this triumphant march of the ages. This power, toward which the gaze of the rest of the world is turned, is Japan. Another step, less gigantic than those already taken, and the circuit of the globe will have been completed. The new scene of action will be China, and as in the past, the preceding empire will be the one to raise it to the height of modern greatness. When this shall have been done, as it will be in the near future, most fully then will have been proved the truth of the saying, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." That Japan is equal to the task before her is certain. Another fact should be borne in mind in summing up the situation: Oriental and Occidental civilisations are based on different foundations. It is better so; it will be better for both if they remain distinctive for many generations to come.